

HUDIBRAS.

The First and Second Parts.

Written in the Time of the

Late Wars.

CORRECTED & AMENDED,

With

Several Additions and Annotations.

L O N D O N :

Printed by T. N. for John Martyn and Henry
Herringman, at the Bell in St. Pauls Church-
yard, and at the Anchor in the Lower
Walk of the New Exchange, 1678.

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1892

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NEW YORK

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the First C A N T O.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth :
His Arms and Equipage are shewn ;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle,
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

C A N T O I.

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why,
When hard Words, Jealousies, and Fears,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for Punk,

2 CANTO I.

Whose honesty they all durst sweaaa for,
 Though not a man of them know wherefore:
 When *Gospel-Trumpeter* surrounded,
 With long-ear'd rout to Battel sounded,
 And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
 Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a Colonelling.

A Wight he was, whose very fight wou'd
 Entitle him *Mirror of Knighthood*;
 That never bent his stubborn knee
 To any thing but Chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right worshipful on Shoulder-blade:
 Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
 Either for Chartel or for Warrant:

Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.

(So some Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water)

But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise, or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other :

But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain :

Which made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.

And offer to lay wagers that

As *Mountaigne* playing with his Car,

Complains she thought him but an Ass,

Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*.

(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they 're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shie of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about.
Unless on Holy-days, or so,
As Men their best Apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek :
That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Black-bird 'tis to whistle,
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford,
To many that had not one word.

For

For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:
And truely so perhaps, he was
'Tis many a Pious Christians case.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in *Analytick*.
He could distinguish, and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-West* side:
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.
He'd prove a Buzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl,

A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
And Rooks *Committee-men*, and *Trustees*;
He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
And pay with Ratiocination,
All this by Syllogism, true
In mood and Figure, he would do,

For *Rhetorick* he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope;
And when he hapned to break off
T' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk,
For all a Rhetoricians Rules,
Teach nothing but to name his Tools,

CANTO I. 7

His ordinary Rate of Speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich,
 A *Babylonish* dialect,
 Which learned Pedants much affect.
 It was a parti-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages :
 'Twas English cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
 Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.
 It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.
 Which made some think when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three Labo'ers of *Babel* ;
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
 A Leash of Languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent.
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent.
 And truly to support that charge
 He had supplies as vast and large.

For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit :
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for currant took 'em,
That had the Orator who once,
Did fill his Mouth with Pibble Stones
When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brabe*, or *Erra Pater* :
For he, by *Geometrick* scale,
Could take the size of *Pots of Ale*;
Resolve by Signs and Tangents streight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;

And

And wisely tell what hour o'th' day
The Clock doth strike, by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
And had read every Text and gloss over:
What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath
He understood b' implicit Faith,
What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either said or sung.
His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;

But

But oftentimes mistook th' one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies flie;
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphysick* Wit can fly,
In *School Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;
Profound in all the Nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
And with as delicate a Hand,
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand,
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;

Such

Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be lett unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain,
The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies:
And as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
Below the Moon, or else above it
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side:

Whe-

Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a *Highb Dutch* Interpreter :
 If either of them had a Navel;
 Who first made Musick malleable :
 Whether the Serpent at the fall
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
 All this without a Gloss or Comment,
 He would unriddle in a moment:
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
 To match his Learning and his Wit :
 'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
 For he was of that stubborn Crew
 Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church *Militant* :

Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun* ;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible *Artillery* ;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks* ;
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done :
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss :
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than Dog distract, or Monky sick.

That

That with more care keep Holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way :
 Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to ;
 By damning those they have no mind to ;
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spight,
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow,
 All Piety consists therein
 In them, in other Men all Sin,
 Rather than fail, they will defie
 That which they love most tenderly,
 Quarrel with *minc'd Pies*, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, *Plum-porridge* ;
 Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
 And blaspheme *Custard* through the Nose.

Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's*, were As and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
As if Hipocrisie and Non-sence
Had got th' Advouson of his Conscience!

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen Sirs, it followeth thus:

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal grace
Both of his Wisdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dy so like a Tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.

This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns ;
With grizly type did represent
Declining Age of Government ;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue ;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfall.
It was Canonick, and did grow
In Holy Orders by strict-vow ;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid *Cordellere* :
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
And Martyrdome with resolution ;
T' oppose it self against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed State :

In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last.
But when the State should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of State;
Whose thred of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its Whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty Sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Would last as long as Parent breech:
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen shew'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load,
For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire,
Upon his Soulders through the Fire:
Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:
Which now had almost got the Upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the same bulk before:

Which

Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Countrey house affords;
Whith other Victual, which anon,
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his Hise we come to treat,
The Cub-bord where he kept his meat,

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
That fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,
And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*,
To old King *Harry* so well known,
Some Writers held they were his own.

Through they were lin'd with many a piece,
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,
And fat Black-puddings, proper food
For Warriors that delight in Blood;
For, as we said, he alway chose
To carry Vittle in his Hose.
That often tempted Rats, and Mice,
The Ammunition to surprize:
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th' other Magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood.
And from the wounded Foe drew bloud,
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'r left the fortifi'd Redoubt;
And though Knights Errant, as somethink,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough Desarts vast
And Regions Desolate they past,

Where

Where Belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Provision, on Record :
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight,
'Tis false : for *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hose ;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat ;
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons ;
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress ;

As learned Authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come,
His Puissant Sword unto his side
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that wou'd hold broth,
And serve for Fight, and Dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
Hene'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And eat into it self, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.
The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,
The Rancor of its Edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful,
It had devoured 'twas so manful;

And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate Attempts
Of Wars, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Sergeant *Buns*, invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page.
But was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging;
When it had stab'd or broke a head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were

Tobait a Mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean ſhoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth,
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.

In th' Holſters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his Hoſe he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood Sentinel,
To guard the Magazine i'th' Hoſe
From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.

Thus

Thus clad and fortifi'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his *Horse*.
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate Toe.
But after many strains and heaves
He got up to the Saddle eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold of Tail and Mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of Reyn.

But

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we fruther do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bunkin*,
The Beast was sturdy large and tall,
With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of Wall :
I would say Eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave majestick state.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipt :
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground :
That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half so tender-hooft,
Nor trode upon the ground so soft.

And

And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known,)
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
•Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flirt
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt;
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir

To active trot one side of's Horse,
The other would not hang an Arse:

'A Squire he had whose name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though Writers (for more statelier tone)
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter safe,
We'll call him so, if not plain *Ralph*,

For Rhime the Rudder is of Verses,
With which like Ships they steer their courses.
An equal stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle fair
To his great Ancestor, her Heir:

From

From him descended cross-leg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights
Against the bloody Caniball,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knights, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't,
Some call it *Gift*, and some *New light*;
A liberal Art, that costs no pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
His Wits were sent him for a Token,
but in the Carriage crackt and broken
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt,

He

He ne'r consider'd it, as loath
To look a Gift-horse in the Mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too,
For Saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of Gifts that costs them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a Neele;
For as of Vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'r beside their way:
What e'r men speak by this *New Light*,
Still they are sure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a *Dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it.

A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to couzen by;
An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches,
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches;
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom and dirty Pond;
To dive like Wild-soul for Salvation,
And fish to catch Regeneration.
This Light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of Saint-like Bag-pipe drone;
And speaks through hollow empty Soul;
As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring hole;
Such language as no mortal Ear
But spiritual Eye-droppers can hear,
So *Phœbus* or some friendly Muse
Into small Poets song infuse;
Which they at second-hand rehearse
Through Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
 As three or four-leg'd Oracle,
 The ancient Cup, or modern Chair,
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware :
 For mystick Learning, wondrous able
 In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
 Whose Primitive Tradition reaches
 As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches :
 Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
 Idea's, Atomes, Influences ;
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,
 Th' intelligible World could say ;
 A deep occult Philosopher,
 As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,
 Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
 And solid Lying much renown'd :

He *Anthroposophus*, and *Flond*,
And *Jacob Behmen* understood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Veré adeptus* earned.
He understood the speech of Birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What *Members* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk Knave, walk*;
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a Glass, like water,
Of Sov'raign pow'r to make men wise;
For dropt in blere, thick-sighted Eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.

By help of these (as he professeth) *quintessence* *all*
 He had *First Matter* seen undrest: *a* *body* *be* *A*
 He took her naked all alone, *as* *your* *was* *I*
 Before one Rag of *Fame* was on. *now* *and* *T*
 The *Chaos* too he had descryd, *was* *all* *and* *I*
 And seen quite through; or else he ly'd: *A*
 Not that of *Past-board* which imed shew *all*
 For *Greates* at *Faire* of *Bartholomew*: *now* *and* *A*
 But its great *Gasfire*, first o'th' name; *and* *O*
 Whence that and *Reformation* came: *all* *and* *T*
 Both *Cousin-Germans*, and right able: *and* *W*
 To inveigle and draw in the *Rabble*: *and* *W*
 But *Reformation* was, some say, *Bartholomew* *all*
 O'th' younger house to *Puppet-Play*: *all* *be* *A*
 He could foretell what ever was: *now* *and* *O*
 By consequence to come to pass. *now* *and* *O*
 As *Death* of *Great Men*, *Alterations*, *now* *and* *T*
Diseases, *Battels*, *Inundations*, *now* *and* *O*

All this without th' Eclipse of Sun,
 Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
 By inward Light, a way as good,
 And easie to be understood,
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the Stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge
 Upon themselves what others forge:
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischief in the World men do:
 Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
 To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'l search a Planet's house, to know,
 Who broke and robb'd a house below:
 Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
 Who stole a Thimble and a Spoon:
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,

And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods,
They'l question *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confels and peach
Those Thieves which he himself did teach.
They'l find i' th' Physiognomies
O' th' Planets all mens destinies,
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill.
Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
And from Positions to be quest on,
As sure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't,
They'l feel the Pulses of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Crysis* does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine:

In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
 What make them Cuckolds, poor or rich;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
 But not what wise, for only of those
 The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the Astrologians,
 There they say right, and lik true *Trojans*,
 This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke,

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrew'd.
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
 Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
 Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
 As well as Virtues, Parts, and Wit,

Their Valors too were of a Rate,
 And out they fall'd at the Gate.
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
 But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
 For they a sad adventure met,
 Of which we now prepare to Treat:
 But e'er we venture to unfold
 Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should as learned Poets use,
 Invoke the assistance of some *Muse*;
 However Criticks count it sillier
 Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.
 We think 'tis no great matter which,
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thon

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Prin*, and *Vickers*,
And force them, though it were in 'spight
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we finde in fullen Writs,
And cross-graind Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praises of the Author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-ensuring friend;
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhime upon't
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make men scribble without skill,
Canst make a Poet, spight of fate,
And teach all People to translate;
Though out of Languages in which
They understand no Part of Speech:

Assist me but this once, I'mplere,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In Western Cline there is a Town
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be sed here
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good;
When w're, or are not understood,
To this Town People did repair
On days of Market or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor
In merriment did drudge and labor:
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village rabble,
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*;

A bold adventurous exercise,
 With ancient *Heroes* in high prize;
 For Authors do affirm it came
 From *Isthmian* or *Nemean* game;
 Others derive it from the *Bear*
 That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
 And round about the Pole does make
 A circle like a *Bear* at stake,
 That at the Chain's end wheels about,
 And over-turns the Rabble-rout.
 For after solemn Proclamation
 In the *Bear's* name (as is the fashion,
 According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of *Bear*;
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 To expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;

If they come wounded off and lame
 No honour's got by such a maim.
 Although the Bear gain'd much b'ing bound
 In honour to make good his ground.
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But let them know at their own cost
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent, and others harms,
 Which always wait on seats of Arms,
 (For in the hurry of a Fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear;
 As he believ'd he was bound to do,
 In Conscience and Commission too.

And whole themselves to vain jeopardy

And therefore thus bespake the Squire :

We that are wisely mounted higher

Then Constables, in Curule wit,

When on Tribunal bench we sit,

Like Speculators, should foresee

From Pharos of Authority,

Portended Mischiefs farther then

Low Proletarian Tithing-men.

And therefore being inform'd by bruit,

That Dog and Bear are to dispute;

For so of late men fighting name,

Because they often prove the same ;

(For where the first does hap to be

The last does coincide)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,

To save th' expence of Christian blood,

And try if we by Mediation
Of Treaty and accommodation
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody Duel without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives
Enough at once to lie at stake,
For *Cov'nant* and the *Causes* sake;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*
As well as we must venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *evil Counsel* is fomented,
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *Nare* *olfact* it not)
A deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting Brother against Brother,
To claw and curry one another.

Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *Cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our selves without a cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody *Cynae Homachy*
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it:
Unless by providential wit
Or force we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause;
Frail Priviledge, Fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation;

Nor

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Nor Liberty of Consciences,
Nor Lords and Commons Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church Lands;
To get them in their own Hands;
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To Justice that seduce the King;
Nor for the worship of us men;
Though we have done as much for them
Th'Egyptians worshipp'd Dogs, and for us
Their faith made fierce and zealous Wars;
Others ador'd a Rat, and some
For that Church suffer'd Martyrdom;
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' Elephant, and Monkeys Tooth;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out moridicus to death;
But no Beast ever was so sly,
For Man, as for his God, to fight;

They

They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, we onely do infuse
 The Rage in them like *Boule-feus*.
 'Tis our example that instills
 In them th' infection of our ills,
 For as some late Philosophers
 Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse
 With Man, take after him, as Hogs
 Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
 Just so by our example Cattle
 Learn to give one another Battel.
 We read in *Nero's* time, the Heathens
 When they destroy'd the *Christian Brethren*,
 They sow'd them in the skins of Bears,
 And then set Dogs about their Ears:
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The Point seems very plain to be,
It is an Antichristian Game,
Unlawful both in thing and name;
First for the *Name*, The word *Bear-baiting*,
Is Carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no such word
In all the *Scripture* on Record.
Therefore unlawful and a sin,
And so is (secondly) the *thing*.
A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by *Scripture* than
Provincial, Classick, National,
Mere humane Creature-Cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous:
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their *Inventions* whatsoe'r
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,

It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*
No less than worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat* ;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.

For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim* as thou say'st :

(For that *Bear-baiting* should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller

Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)

Yet there's a fallacy in this :

For if by sly *Homœosis*,

Thou would'st Sophistically imply

Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt

But *Bear-baiting* may be made out

In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or Parochial Classis :
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all as well as sin,
That put them in a bag and shake 'em,
Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness:
'For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id est, to make a Leak a Cabbage.
Thou canst at best but overstrain
A Paradox, and th' own hot brain :

For what can *Synods* have at all
 With *Bears* that's Analogical?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?
 A just comparison still is,
 Of things *ejusdem generis*.
 And then what *Genus* rightly doth,
 Include and comprehend them both?
 If *Animal*, both of us may
 As justly pass for *Bears* as they.
 For we are Animals no less.
 Although of different *Specieses*.
 But, *Ralpho* this is no fit place,
 Nor time to argue out the Case :
 For now the Field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit
 Another manner of Dispute.

A Controversie that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words :
Which we must manage at a rate
Of Prowess and Conduct adæquate ;
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the godly expect from us,
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
W' are slurr'd and outed by success:
Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
Or surest hand can always hit :
For whatsoe're we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious Causes, noblest merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions :
Nor doth the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth ;

But

But sometimes fail; and in their stead,
Fortune and Cowardise succeed,
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have born us out.
Which though th' are known to be so ample,
We need no copy from example,
We are not the onely person durst
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a valorous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of these the objects of our Wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt or Victory to come.
'Tis sung, There is a valiant *Marmaluke*
In foreign Land, yclep'd——
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Person, Parts, Address and Beard:

Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought,
He oft in such Attempts as these
Came off with glory and success,
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal Resolution.
Honour is, like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on;
With entering manfully, and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a Virgin.

This said, as once the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours, with rusty steell, did smite
His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow Beast did sound,

And

And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.

So have I seen with armed heel,

A Wight bestride a *Commonweal*;

Whil'st still the more he kick'd and spur'd,

The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.

THE

The ARGUMENT of the Second C A N T O.

*The Catalogue and Character
Of the Enemies best Men of War ;
Whom in a bald Harangue, the Knight
Defy's, and challenges to fight :
H' incounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Prisoner ;
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

C A N T O II.

THere was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love* :
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels* ?

O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd Right
We mean in what concerns just fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a Palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valors
Just like the Manhood of nine Tailors.
So a wilde *Tartar* when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,

If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a Giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his Brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large Bones;
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones,
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked Truth of what befell;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert:
And never coyn a formal lye on't,
To make the *Knight* o'come the *Giant*.

This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to say, whether *Tolutation*,
As they do term't, or *Succussion*)

We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how.
Yet some from subtle hints gave got
Mysterious light, it was a Trot.

But let that pass: they now begun
To spurr their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The learned hold, are Animals,

So Horses they affirm to be
Mere Engines made by Geometry,

And

And were invented first from Engines,
As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal *Champain*,
Which the Enemy did then encamp on,
The dire *Pharſalian* Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren :
Who now began to take the Field
As from his Steed the Knight beheld :
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off, much further he
Rais'd on his aged Beast could see :
But not sufficient to descry
All postures of the Enemy.

And therefore orders the bold Squire
T' advance, and view their Body nigher,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean-while he stopp'd his willing Steed :
To fit himself for Martial deed :
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward,
Courage within, and Steel without
To give, or to receive a Rout.
His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well
Drawn out from life-preserving Vittle.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbard :
And after many a painful pluck,
He clear'd at length the rugged Tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that Prowe'
In Scabbard of his Arms set loose ;

And

And rais'd upon his desperate foot
On stirrup side he gaz'd about,
Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
The Squire advanc'd with greater speed;
Then could b' expected from his Steed;
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had survey'd
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *Van, main Battel, Wings and Rear.*

In th' head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowders march'd, expert and able :
Instead of Trumper and of Drum,
That makes the Warriar's stomach come,
Whose noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vineger :

For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
Who has not a months mind to combat?
A squeaking Engine he apply'd,
Unto his Neck on North-east side,
Just where the Hangman does dispose,
To special Friends the fatal Noose :
For 'tis *great Grace* when *Statesmen* straight
Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o'er the strings,
Which was but *source* to *Chitterlings* :
For Guts, some write, e're they are sodden,
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden :
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he strung his Fiddle stick :
For he to Horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.

Chiron, the four legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own growth ;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use onely of his Beard.
In *Staffordshire*, where Virtuous worth
Does raise the Minstrelsie, not Birth ;
Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King,
And Ruler, o'er the men of string ;
(As once in *Persia*, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded fore : his *Leg* then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oke :
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt ;
Esteem'd more honorable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger Brother.

Next

Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for
Wise Conduct, and success in War :
A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the Champion Bear.
With Truncheon tip'd with Iron head,
The Warrior to the Lists led ;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face :
Grave as the Emperor of *Pegn*,
Or Spanish Potentate *Don Diego*.
This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for Charge or for Retreat.
Knew when t'engage his *Bear* Pel-mel
And when to bring him off as well.
So Lawyers, least the *Bear* Defendent,
And Plaintiff *Dog* should make an end on't,

Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of *Judgement*, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breathe awhile, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up where Discipline most rare is,
In Military Garden-*Paris*.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, Just as Weeds do now;
Until some splay-foot Politicians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licensing a new invention
Th' 'ad found out of an antique Engine
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Garden at a blow,

And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done? quoth *Statesmen*; yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known, you'l say 'tis easie.
 Why, then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.
 We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
 A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
 A pretty invention quaint and new.
 But though of Voice and Instrument
 We are ('tis true) chief President;
 We such loud Musick do n't profess,
 The Devil's Master of that Office,
 Where it must pass, if't be a Drum,
 He'l sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
 To him apply your selves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you, for his Fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
 Th' had better have let them grow there stil.

But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is stout *Orsin* :
That which has so oft by sundry writers,
Has been apply'd to almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)
None never acted both parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
He was of great descent and high,
For splendor and antiquity;
And from Cæstrial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right Line.
Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himself and others
O' th' Gods Gallants to their own Mothers.

To get on them a Race of Champions,
Of which old *Homer* first made *Eumpon*,
Arctophylax, in Northern Sphere,
Was his undoubted Ancestor:
From his Great Forefathers came,
And in all Ages bore his name,
Learn'd he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his side a Pouch he wore
Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds six Miles point-blank would solder
By skilful *Chymist* with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten Post;
But of a heav'nlier influence,
Than that which Mountebanks dispense,
Though by *Promethean* Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade,
For as when Slovens do amiss
At others doors by Stool or Piss,

The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit,
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the Dung,
Unto the part that did the wrong :
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure,

Thus virtuous *Orfin* was endu'd,
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable : and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of War ;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than Dint of Sword could kill,

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next' him,
With Visage formidably grim,

And

And rugged as a *Saracin*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own kin;
Clad in a Mantle *de la Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,
He wore for Ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Tarket;
Armed, as *Heralds cant*, and *languid*,
Or, as the *Vulgar* say, *sharp fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray,
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with,
He was, by birth, some Authors write,
A *Russian*, some a *Moscovite*,
And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,

That

That serve to fill up Pages here,
 As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-german
 With whom he serv'd and fed on Vermin;
 And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
 And quarter himself upon his paws.
 And though his Country-men, the *Hungods*
 Did use to stew between their *Bums*,
 And their warm Horses backs, their meat,
 And every man his Saddle eat:
 He was not half so nice as they,
 But eat it raw when 't came in 'is way.
 He had trac'd Countreys far and near,
 More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
 Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,
 Of noble house, a Lady gay,
 And got on her a Race of Worthies
 As stout as any upon Earth is.

Full many a Fight for him between
Talgot and *Orsin* oft had been;
 Each striving to deserve the Crown
 Of a fav'd Citizen: the one
 To guard his Bear, the other fought
 To aid his Dog; both made more stout
 By sev'ral spurs of neighborhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood
 But *Talgot*, mortal foe to Cows,
 Never got ought of him but blows;
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he,
 Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgot* was of Courage stout,
 And vanquish'd oftner than he fought:
 Inur'd to labor, sweat, and toyl,
 And like a Champion, shone with Oyl.

Right

Right many a Widow his keen blade,
And many a Fatherless, had made
He many a *Bore* and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the *Bore* or *Dun Cow* far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*.
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd; as Poets say, long ago
Bold *Sir George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*.
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though stor'd with Delètery Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is Dead since)
E'er sent so vast a Colony
To both the under-worlds as he.

For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head ;
The Trade to which they all were bred ;
And is, like others, glorious when
.Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it ;
The latter in a two wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to prophane a thing
So Sacred, with vile bungling.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in Martial Fame,
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,
.Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as Forest-Bore,
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,

As thick as *Ajax* seven-Fold Shield,
Which o'er his brazen Arms he held:
But Brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest Iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't:

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-head*;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,
As *English Merlin* for his heart;
But far more skilful in the Spheres
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.
He could transform himself in Color,
As like the Devil as a Collier;
As like as Hypocrites in show
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of Warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The Cannon, Blunderbuss, and Saker,
He was th' Invention of and Maker:
The Trumpet and the Kettle-Drum
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the first that e'r did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A Lance he bore with Iron pike,
The one half would thrust, the other strike:
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright
Than burnish'd Armor of her Knight:
A bold Virago, stout and tall
As Joan of France, or English Mall,

Through

Through perils both of Wind and Limb,
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
 In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
 And never him, or it forsook.
 At breach of Wall, or Hedge surprize,
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize:
 At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
 Behav'd her self with matchless courage;
 And laid about in fight more bus'ly,
 Than the *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile*.

And though some Criticks here cry shame,
 And say our Authors are too blame,
 That spight of all Philosophers,
 Who hold no Females stout but Bears,
 And heretofore did so abhor
 Their Women should pretend to War,

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame,
To swear by *Hercules* his Name,
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride a-stride;
To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open field;
As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
And she that would have been the Mistress
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Country Lass:
They say 'tis false, without all sense
But of pernicious consequence
To Government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in Prose:
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.

It may be so, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't
Of all his Race the Valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortifi'd
The weak against the strongest side,
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muses deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide shield would pierce,

And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his;
 With whom his black thumb'd Ancestor
 Was Comrade in the ten years War:
 For when the restless *Greeks* late down
 So many years before *Troy Town*,
 And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
 For well-sol'd Boots, no less than Fights;
 They ow'd that Glory only to
 His Ancestor, that made them so.
 Fast Friend he was to *Reformation*,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
 Next Rectifier of *Wry Law*,
 And would make three, to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take note,
 Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.
 But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
 Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,

He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like *Ram* or *Bull*, at *Conventicle* :

For Disputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *skulls*.

Last *Colon* came, bold *Man of War*,
Destin'd to blows by fatal *Star* ;

Right expert in *Command of Horse*,
But cruel, and without remorse,

That which of *Centaur* long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to

Some other *Knights*, was true of this,
He and his *Horse*, were of a piece.

One *Spirit* did inform them both,
The self-same *Vigor*, *Fury*, *Wroth* :

Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had the harder heart ;

Although his Horse had been of those,
 That fed on Man's flesh, As Fame goes,
 Strange food for Horse! and yet, alas,
 It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*,
 Sturdy he was, and no less able
 Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable;
 As great a Drover, and as great
 A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
 He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
 Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted fother
 And Provender wherewith to feed
 Himself and his less cruel Steed.
 It was a question whether He
 Or's Horse were of a Family
 More Worshipful: till Antiquaries,
 (After th' 'ad almost por'd out their Eyes)
 Did very learnedly decide
 The bus'ness on the Horse's side,

And prov'd not onely Horse, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder house:
For Beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess,

These Worthies were the chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head,
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Companies round about;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres:
From forain Parishes and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came Men and Mastives, some to fight
For Fame and Honor, some for fight.

And

And now the field of Death, the Lists
 Were ent'ed by Antagonists,
 And blood was ready to be broached;
 When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
 With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:
 But first thus from his *Horse* bespake 'em.

What Rage, O Citizens, what fury
 Doth you to those dire actions hurry?
 What *Oestrums*, what phrenetick mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
 While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
 And unreveng'd walks——ghost?
 What Towns, what Garisons might you
 With hazard, of this blood subdue,
 Which now y' are bent to throw away
 In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall *Saints* in Civil bloudshed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?
The *Cause* for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because Quarrels still are seen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League and Covenant*
Will seem a meer *God-dam-me Rant*;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out,
For as we make *War for the King*
Against himself, the self-same thing
Some will not stick to swear we do
For *God* and for *Religion* too.
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?
The Bloud and Treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought,

Are

Are these the fruits o' th' *Protestation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*,
Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyrs*,
Wore in their Hats, like Wedding-Garters,
When 'twas resolved by their House
Six Members quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Joyn throats to cry the *Bishops* down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)
As Members gave the sign about
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle,
Church Discipline, for patching *Kettle*.
No *sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.

The

The *Oyster-woman* lock'd their *Fish* up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.
The *Monse-trap* men laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.
Botchers left old *Cloaths* in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread* :
And some for *Broom*, old *Boots*, and *Shoes*,
Baul'd out to purge the *Commons House* :
Instead of *Kitchen-stuff*, some cry
A *Gospel-preaching-Ministry* ;
And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *Reformation*.
And is this all? is this the end
To which these *carr'ings* on did tend?

Hath *Publick Faith* like a young heir
For this ta'en up all sorts of Ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradesman's Book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coyn *Piss-pots*, *Bowls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musqueteers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
Did start up living men as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the *Dragons teeth* being sown.
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* off rings, consecrate

Like

Like th' *Hebrew-calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it,
So say the *Wicked*——and will you
Make that *Sarcasmous Scandal* true,
By running after *Dogs* and *Bears*,
Beasts more unclean than *Calves* and *Steers*?
Have *pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their Lungs;
Us'd all means both direct and sinister
I th' power of *Gospel-Preaching Minister*?
Have they invented *Tones*, to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The *Men*, as *Indians* with a *Female*
Tame *Elephant* inveigle the *Male*?
Have they told *Providence* what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' *Enemy's* design,
And which way best to countermine;

Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,
 Or it will ne'r advance the *Kirk*,
 Told it the *News* o' th' last express,
 And after good or bad success
 Made Prayers, not so like *Petitions*,
 As *Overtures* and *Propositions*,
 (Such as the *Army* did present
 To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,
 Unless the *Work* be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting Church and Common-weal,
 All on a flame bright as their zeal,
 On which the *Saints* were all-a-gog,
 And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*.

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
 To't self, and sent them, like *Commissions*,
 To *Well-affected* Persons down,
 In ev'ry City and great Town;
 With pow'r to levy Horse and Men,
 Only to bring them back agen:
 For this did many, many a mile,
 Ride manfully in Rank and File,
 With *Papers* in their Hats, that shew'd
 As if they to th' *Pillory* rode,
 Have all these courses, these efforts,
 Beentry'd by people of all sorts,
Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
 And all t' advance the *Cause's* service:
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray:
 Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* swore,
 Each man of us, to run before

The

Another

Another still in *Reformation*,
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Dispensation ?
How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it ?
What will *Malignants* say ? *Videlicet*,
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest :
And bid *the Devil take the bin'most*,
Which at this Race is like to win most.
They'll say our bus'ness to *reform*
The Church and State is but a worm ;
For to subscribe unsight, unseen,
T' an unknown Churches Discipline :
What is it else, but before-hand,
T' ingage, and after understand ?
For when we swore to carry on
The present *Reformation*,
According to the Purest mode
Of Churches, best Reform'd abroad,

What

What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches these should be,
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *Et ceteras*;
Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The *Cause* and *Work* we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,
Rather then *Gospel-walking* times,
When slighted Sins are greatest Crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment

This feud, but keep the Peace between
 Your Brethren and your Countrey men;
 And to those places straight repair
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender,
 The Fidler, as the prime offender,
 Th' Incendiary vile, that is the chief,
 Author and Enginier of mischief;
 That makes division between friends,
 For prophane and malignant ends.
 He and that Engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
 To condigne Punishment as th'y ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say:
 For then'll take another course,
 And soon Reduce you all by force.

This said, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word;

But *Talgol*, who had long suppress'd
Enflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in Furnace,
Thus answer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e'er in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow
On Rump of Justice as of Cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen Luggage
O'th thy self, old I'rn and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T'oppose thy Lumber against us?

Could

Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t'employ it self about,
Where thou secure from Wooden blow
Thy busy vanity might'st show?
Was no dispute afoot between
The *Catterwanling Brethren*?
No subtle Question rais'd among
Those *out-o'-their wits* and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those Combatants
O' th' times, the Land and Water-Saints;
Where thou might'st *stickle without hazard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazard,
And not for want of business come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of Disputants, and spoil out sport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purse, nor Burglary abroad?

No *Stolen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*, nor *blow*
 To tie thee up from breaking house? nor *ow*
 No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge, nor *ow*
 For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee busie from foul evil,
 And shame due to thee from the Devil?
 Did no Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee;
 And set th' a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up *sale* and *sequestration*;
 To cheat with *Holiness* and *Zeal*,
 All Parties, and the Common-weal?
 Much better had it been for thee,
 H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;
 Or sent th'on bus'ness any whither,
 So he had never brought thee hither,
 But if th' hast Brain enough in Skull
 To keep within it's lodging whole.

And

And not provoke the rage of Stones;
 And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
 Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 At this the *Knight* grew high in wrath,
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,
 Three times smote on stomach stout,
 From whence at length these words broke out,
 Was I for this entieled *sir*,
 And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
 For Fame and Honor to wage Battell,
 Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Carrell?
 Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
 As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;
 Nor all thy tricks and flights to cheat,
 And sell thy Carrion for good Meat;
 Not all thy Magick to repair
 Decay'd old age in rough lean ware,

Make Natural Death appear thy work,
And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by Bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down lives;
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,
For civil Deed and Military.
Nor shall these words of Venom base,
Which thou hast from their Native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to sling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
With Gantlet blew and Bases white,
And

And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,
So great a man at Arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood,
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do
But Men with hands as thou shalt feel. (heal
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His Gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of *Talgol's* Skull,
Vowing that he would ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murder.
But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her *Gorgon*-shield which made the Cock
Stand stiff as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the Knight.

And he his rusty Pistol held
 To take the blow on, like a Shield;
 The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight;
 And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripes,
 Then *Hudibras* with furious haste
 Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
 But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack
 Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back,
 But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
 Courageously he laid about,
 Imprinting many a wound upon
 His mortal foe the Truncheon.
 The trusty Cudgel did oppose
 It self against dead-doing blows,
 To guard its Leader from fell bane,
 And then reveng'd it self again,

And

And though the sword (some understood) —
 In force had much the odds of Wood;
 'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st.
 For Wood with Honor being engag'd,
 Is so implacably enrag'd,
 Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises Honor more.
 And now both Knights were out of breath,
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death,
 While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This Hudibras observ'd, and fretting
 Conquest should be so long a getting,
 He drew up all his force into
 One Body, and that into one Blow.
 But Talgot wisely avoided it,
 By cunning flight; for had it hit,

The Upper part of him the Blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th'incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his Friend began to fall on,
Him *Ralph* encountred, and straight grew
A fierce Dispute betwixt them two;
Th'one arm'd with Metall, t'other with Wood;
This fit for bruise, and that for Blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side Conquest would incline;
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two should with so many men vye,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain,

For he by foul hap having found
Where Thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out
And having crop'd them from the Root
He clapp'd them under th' Horses Tail
With prickles sharper than a Nail:
The angry Beast did strait resent
The wrong done to his Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h'had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from Smart,
And raging Pain, th'afflicted Part,
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of Squire and Baggage from his back;
And blundring still with smarting rump,
He gave the Champions Steed a thump,
That stagger'd him. The Knight did stoop
And sate on further side aloope,

This

This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
 By flight escap'd the fatal blow,
 He rally'd, and again fell to't;
 For catching him by nearer spot,
 He lifted with such might and strength,
 As would have hurl'd him twice his length
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out,
 But *Mars* that still protects the stout,
 In Pudding-time came to his aid,
 And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
 The *Bear*, upon whose soft *Fur-Gown*
 The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
 The friendly *Rug* preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound,
 Like, *Feather-Bed* betwixt a Wall,
 And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
 As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
 And had no hurt; ours far'd as well

In body, though his mighty Spirit,
Being heavy, did not so well bear it,
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the Knight,
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of Death he threw the fume,
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, than ever Herald drew him,
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd
And vex't the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the Law of Arms:
For Men he always took to be
His friends, and Dogs the Enemy:
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him.

It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unfoldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Commission,
And laid about him, till his Nose
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose,
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th'amazed crew;
Some he o'er ran, and some o'er threw
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t'avoid the conqu'ring Knight.
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held;
Though beaten down and wounded sore
I th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its betters, th' wooden one:
He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of Wood,
With fright of fall supposed Wound,
And loss of Urine, in a swoond,
In haste he snatch'd the Wooden limb
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*.
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,

Vowing

Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and Shin upon the Wretch,
Sole Author of all Detriment,
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T'adventure Resurrection
From heavy Squelch, and had got up
Upon his Legs with sprained Crup)
Looking about beheld the Bard
To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,
He snatch't his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling house)
To hide it self from rage of blows;
And wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue *Knight* from black and blew.
Which e're he could achieve, his Sconce
The Leg encounter'd twice and once:

And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen,
When *Ralpho* thrust himself between,
He took the blow upon his Arm,
To shield the *Knight* from further harm;
And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
O' th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop'd before.
To him the *Squire* did right nimbly run,
And setting his bold foot upon
His Trunk, thus spoke: What *desp'rate Frenzie*
Made thee, (thou whelp of sin) to fancy
Thy self and all that Coward Rabble
T' encounter us in battel able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Coeship
'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,

And

H

And

And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of Wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail
With all its Rhetrick, nor the Jail,
To keep from flaying 'scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from Iron Gin?
Which now thou shalt — but first our care
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his Bum upright:
To rouse him from Lethargick dump;
He tweak'd his Nose with gentle thump;
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
They waken'd with the noise, did fly.
From inward Room to Window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the Casement,
Lookt out, but yet with some amazement.

This gladed *Ralpho* much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the *Knights*: Quoth he W
 Tweaking his Nose, You are, great Sir, b
 A self-denying Conqueror,
 As high, victorious and great,
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
 If you will give your self but leave
 To make out what y' already have
 That's Victory, the foe, for dread
 Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,
 All save *Crowdera*, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd cause undertake,
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meets
 Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
 The Gallows, or perpetual Jail,
 For one wink of your pow'ful Eye
 Must Sentence him to live or dye.

His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd.
For though success did not confer
Just Title on the Conquerer;
Though *dispensations* were not strong
Conclusions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *Owning* were but a mere term:
Yet as the *wicked* have no right
To th' *Creature*, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriously detain't;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Parasites:

All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,
And ought t'enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* still,
And they our *Tenants* but at will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowders* pay
For all the rest that ran away,
But *Ralpho* now in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:

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Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's bus'ness sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction. I that am
So much below in Deed and Name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case,
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot
Will you employ your Conquering Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;

And

And that your Will and Pow'r have lov'd be
 Than both might have of Selfishness.
 This Pow'r which now alive with dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead,
 Would no more keep the Slave in awe,
 Than if you were a Knight of 'Straw
 For death would then be his Conqueror,
 Not you, and free him from that Terror
 If danger from his life
 Or honour from his death to you
 'Twere Policy, and Honor too,
 To do as you resolv'd to do;
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valor much,
 To say it needs or fears a Crutch,
 Great Conquerors greater glory gain
 By Foes in Triumph led, than slain:
 The Lawrels that adorn their brows
 Are pluck'd from living, not dead boughs,

And living foes the greatest fame
Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th' honor can but on one side light,
As Worship did, when y'were dubb'd Knight.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Prisoner of War;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At Court of Justice to be try'd:
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty;
There may be danger in his safety;
If any Member there dislike
His Face, or to his Beard have pike;
Or if his death will save, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is reveal'd,
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
I have pow'r to hang him when you please.

This

This hath been often done by some
Of our great Conqu'rors, you know whom,
And has by most of us been held
Wise Justice, and to some reveal'd.
For Words and Promises that yoke,
The Conqu'ror, are quickly broke,
Like *Samson's* Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the *Cause*
By rules of military Laws,
And only do what they call just,
The *Cause* would quickly fall to dust.
This we among our selves may speak,
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This

This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of *Knight* began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the *Squire's* advice, and soon
 Resolv'd to see the business done;
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind;
 And to its former place and use
 The Wooden member to reduce;
 But force it take an Oath before,
 Ne'er to bear Arms against him more.
Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste
 And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,
 He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord
 To lead the Captive of his Sword
 In triumph while the Steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.

and T

The

The *Squire* in state rode on before
 And on his nut-brown Whinibred
 The *Trophee Fiddle* and the *Cass*,
 Plac'd on his shoulder like a *Mace*,
 The *Knight* himself did after ride
 Leading *Crowdero* by his side
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind
 Like Boat against the Tide and Wind
 Thus grave and solemn they march on
 Until quite through the Town they had gone
 At further end of which there stands
 An ancient Castle, that commands
 Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick
 But all of Wood, by powerful Spell
 Of Magick made impregnable,
 There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,
 Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate.

And

And yet men durance there abide,
In Dungeon scarce three inches wide ;
With Roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie, or sit,
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in Prison,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With Walls of subtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until th' are freed by head of Borough.
Thither arriv'd the advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward Wall, near which their stands
A Bastile built t' imprison hands,
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are fast enough.

And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
Is made by Beadle Exorcist;
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Post by 'witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knicht* first bids the *Squire*,
The *Fiddle*, and its *spoils*, the *Cafe*,
In manner of a Trophee place.
That done, they open the Trap-dore-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in pensive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet :
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Though

Though a *Delinquent* false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;
While his Comrade that did no hurt,
Is clapt up fast in prison for'r,
So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

On top of this there's a spin
On which the world is spun

The world is a stage
In manner of a Troop

That does they see the Troop
To let examine down the

Crimes making doleful
like Hermit poor in penitence

To Dungeon they the wretch commit
And the survivor of distress

But in other that had broke the peace
And head of Knightood they release

Though

The

The ARGUMENT of the Third
CANTO.

The scatter'd Routs return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight does sally,
And is made Prisoner: then they seize
Th' Incharmed Fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place,
I should have first said, Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AY me! what perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile
And leer upon him for a while;

She'll

She'll after shew him, in the nick
 Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick,
 This any man may sing or say
 T' th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*:
 For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
 The Field as certain as a Gun,
 And having routed the whole Troop,
 With Victory was Cock-a-hoop,
 Thinks h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving Day among the Churches,
 Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
 Might be explain'd by *Holder-foth*,
 And Register'd by Fame eternal,
 In Deathless Pages of *Diurnal*;
 Found in few minutes, to his Cost,
 He did but *Count without his Host*;
 And that a *Turn-stile* is more certain,
 Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted Rout
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear
From bloody fray of *Knights* and *Bear*,
(All but the *Dogs*, who in pursuit
Of the *Knights*'s Victory stood to't,
And most ignobly sought to get
The honor of his blood and sweat)
Seeing the Coast was free and clear
O' th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For now the half-defeared *Bear*
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,

Like

Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about ;
 But wisely doubting to hold out,
 Gave way to fortune, and with haste
 Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
 Retiring still, until he found
 H' had got th' advantage of the ground ;
 And then as valiantly made head,
 To check the foe, and forthwith fled ;
 Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
 Of Warrior stout and Politick,
 Until in spight of hot pursuit,
 He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute
 On better terms, and stop the course
 Of the proud foe. With all his force
 He bravely charg'd, and for a while
 Forc'd their whole Body to recoil :
 But still their numbers so increas'd
 He found himself at length oppress'd,

And

And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his Hide and Carcass at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This Resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The Enemy i'th' greatest throng.
But what could single Valor do
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was such:
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good.
For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was suddenly enclos'd,

And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come ;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
I' th' Enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriors and so stout,
As he had done, and stand it out,
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honorable terms,
Enraged thus some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down still laid about ;

As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick.
For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot
(But not so light as to be born
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,
Or tript it o'er the water quicker
Than Witches when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the Martial throng;
Where pitying the vanquish'd *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon* who stood near

Viewing the bloody fight, to whom
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hump drum*,
 And see stout *Bruin* all alone
 By numbers basely overthrown?
 Such feats already h' has achiev'd,
 In story not to be believ'd:
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
 To second thee, and rescue him:
 But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late.
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round
 About their heads, to clear the ground;

And

And joining forces laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if *the Devil drove*, to run.
 Mean while th' approach'd the place where *Ermin*
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruine:
 The conquering foe they soon assail'd;
 First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
 Until their Maffives loos'd their hold:
 And yet alas! do what they could,
 The worsted *Bear* came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before,
 For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
 Was *Anabaptized* free from wound,
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over but the Pagan heel,
 So did our Champion's Arms defend
 All of him but the other end,

His Head and Ears, which in the Martial
 Encounter lost a Leathern parcel,
 For as an *Austrian Duke* once
 Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
 Is half the Coyn) in Battel par'd
 Close to his head; so *Bruin* far'd:
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th'other side,
 Like *Scripener* newly crucify'd;
 Or like the late-corrected Leathern
 Ears of the *circumcised Brethren*.
 But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring
 He wore in's Nose, conveyed a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The Warrior to a grassie Bed,
 As Authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which *Eglentine* and *Roses* made,
 Close by a softly-murm'ring stream
 Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream,

There

There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a Song,
 And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
 Upon a Bough, to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground
 In standing fights than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursu'd the Chace;
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind;

Griev'd

Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude,
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers of his Coward foes
 He rag'd and kept as heavy a coyl as
 Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,
 Forcing the Valleys to repeat
 The Accents of his sad regret,
 He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
 For loss of his dear Crony *Bear*:
 That Eccho from the hollow ground
 His doleful wailings did resound
 More wistfully by many times,
 Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhimes,
 That make her, in their ruthless stories,
 To answer to Inter'gatories,
 And most unconscionably depose
 To things of which she nothing knows:

And

And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.

Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Brute*,

Art thou fled to my——Eccho, *ruin*,

I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step

For fear. (Quoth Eccho) *Marry gues*,

Am I not here to take thy parts

Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?

Have these Bones ratled, and this Head

So often in thy quarrel bled?

Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,

For thy dear sake, (Quoth she) *Mum budget*,

Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' dish,

Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Eccho, *Pish*,

To run from those th' hadst overcome

Thus cowardly? Quoth Eccho, *Mum*.

But what a-vengeance makes thee fly

From me too, as thine Enemy?

Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honor might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail :
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honours cause ? Quoth she, a *Puddin*.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;
Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo ;
And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his *Beast*.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action streight, and giving o'er
To search for *Bryin* any more,

He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
 To find him out, where e'er he was:
 And if he were above ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that Crew
 Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
 Honor, Revenge, Contempt, and Shame,
 Did equally their breasts enflame.
 'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
 And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors stout
 And resolute as ever fought:
 Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke,

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook

The

The vile affront that poultry Ass
 And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
 With that more poultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us like tame Cattel,
 As if th' had routed us in battel?
 For my part, it shall ne'er be sed,
 I for the washing gave my Head:
 Nor did I turn my back for fear
 Of them, but loosing of my *Bear*,
 Which now I'm like to undergo;
 For whether these fell wounds, or no,
 He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can foretel.
 Nor do I know what is become
 Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*,
 But if I can but find them out
 That cau'd it, (as I shall no doubt,

Where

Where e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the Devil by the Beard.

Quoth Cerdon, noble Orsin th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear.
Others may do as they see good;
But if this Twig be made of Wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill,

My self and *Tralla* made a shift
 To help him out at a dead life;
 And having brought him bravely off,
 Have left him where he's safe enough,
 There let him rest; for if we stay,
 The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
 Their forces in the same design
 And forthwith put themselves in search
 Of *Hudibras* upon their march.
 Where leave we them a while, to tell
 What the Victorious Knight befel:
 For such, *Crowders* being fast
 In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
 Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
 No where so green as on his brow:

Laden with which, as well as tir'd
 With conquering toil, he now retir'd
 Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
 To rest his Body, and apply
 Fit Med'cines to each glorious bruise
 He got in fight *Reds, Blacks, and Blews*;
 To mollifie the uneasy pang
 Of ev'ry honorable bang.
 Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
 O' th' inside of a deadlier sort,
 By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
 Upon a Widows Jointure-Land,
 (For he, in all his amorous battels
 No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)

Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
 Let fly an Arrow at the Knight,
 The shaft against a Rib did glance,
 And gall him in the Purtenance.
 But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain,
 For that proud Dame for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft did ake
 And suffer griping for her sake
 Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
 Had almost brought him off his Legs)
 Us'd him so like a base Rascallion,
 That old Pyg- (what d'y' call him) malion,
 That cut his Mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard-a-hearted-one.
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks:

'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had, O
 As insolent as strange and mad :
 She could love none but onely such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady ;
 Not love, if any lov'd her, ha day
 So Cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight,
 So some diseases have been found
 Onely to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart must say her
 The back-way, like a Witches Prayer,
 Mean while the *Knight* had no small task,
 To compass what he durst not ask,
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
 Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.
 Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed,
 Rides with his face to rump of Steed,

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way:
Until he seize upon the Cony:
Just so does he by Matrimony,
But all in vain: her subtle-snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honor born.
Yet much he bore, till the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd from her disdain.
Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in fight,

This

This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done ;
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The Victory h' atchiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in ;
And that his valor and the honor
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her :
These reasons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.

Thought he unto himself, Who knows
But this brave Conquest o'er my foes,
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?

If nothing can oppugne love,
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valor too and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valor's a Mouſe-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhould'ſt thou fear
To be, that art, a Conquerer
Fortune th' audacious doth juggle,
But lets the timorous miſcarry.
Then while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan-new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou had'ſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.

Such thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,
 More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.
 And as an Owl that in a Barn
 Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blew eyes
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little beast within his reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch:
 So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,
 To seize upon the Widow's heart;
 Crying with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse,
 And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy marches were advanc'd
 Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd,
 And had all th' avenues possess'd
 About the place, from East to West.

That done, a while they made a halt,
 To view the Ground, and where t' assault :
 Then call'd a Councel, which was best,
 By siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy: and 'twas agreed,
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort,
 They now drew up t' attack the Fort.
 When *Hudibras* about to enter
 Upon another gate's adventure;
 To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm.
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
 Of Angel bad, or Tutelare,
 Did arm or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger :
 That foresight might, or might not blot
 The glory he had newly got ;

Or to his shame it might be fed,
They took him napping in his bed :
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When setting ope the Postern Gate,
To take the Field and sally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startl'd the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight
The bruises of his Bones and Flesh,
He thought began to smart afresh :
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage.
And thus he spoke: The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,

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Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
 As if they had out-run their fears.
 The Glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat,
 And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
 This is the same numerick Crew
 Which we so lately did subdue,
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
 When we courageously did wield
 Our Martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for Victory : and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
 Fear is an Ague, that forsakes
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes.

And

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And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his *Mistriss* name,
His Pistol next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew.
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;
As expert Warriors use: then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courser's side,
Conveying Sympatherick speed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the foe with equal rage
And speed advancing to engage,

Both

Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handiblow.
When *Orsin* first let fly a stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Aeneas on the Bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints* twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold *Squire*,
And made him some few steps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rous'd his Spirits half dismay'd.
He, wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' Enemy now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, prest close,
To come, pell-mell, to handiblow:

And

And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher :
As expert Warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge the foe.
This order the advent'rous *Knight*
Most Soldier-like observ'd in fight :
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle
And for the foe began to stickle,
The more shame for her *Goody-ship*,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For *Colon* chusing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thumpt upon
His manly panch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his Horse.
He loos'd his weapon, and the Rein ;
But laying fast hold on the Mane

Pre.

Preserv'd his seat: And as a Goose
 In death contracts his Talons loose;
 So did the Knight, and with one Claw
 The trigger of his Pistol draw,
 The Gun went off: and as it was
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
 In all his feats of Arms, when least
 He dreamt of it to prosper best;
 So now he fard, the shot let fly
 At randome 'mong the Enemy,
 Pierc'd Talgol's Gabberdine, and grazing
 Upon his Shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass Habergeon,
 Who straight a Surgeon cry'd, a Surgeon.
 He tumbled down, and as he fell,
 Did Murther, murther, murther yell.
 This startled their whole Body so,
 That if the Knight had not let go

His

His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
 H' had won (the second time the fight.)
 As if the *Squire* had but fal'n on,
 He had inevitably done:
 But he diverted with the care
 Of *Hudibras* his wound forbore
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,
 While danger did the rest dishearten,
 He had with *Cerdon* been engag'd
 In close encounter, which both wag'd
 So desp'rately, 'twas hard to say
 Which side was like to get the day
 And now the busie work of death
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
 Preparing to renew the fight;
 When th' heard the disaster of the *Knight*
 And' th' other party did divert
 And force their sullen Rage to part

Ralpho prest up to *Hudibras*,
 And *Cerilon* where *Magnano* was;
 Each striving to confirm his party
 With stout encouragements and hearty.
 Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
 And let Revenge and Honour stir
 Your spirits up, once more fall on,
 The shatter'd Foe begins to run:
 For if but half so well you knew
 To use your Victory as subdue,
 They durst not, after such a blow
 As you have giv'n them, face us now;
 But from so formidable a Soldier
 Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder!
 Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft:
 But if you let them recollect
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
 You'll

You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet y' have had to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with small regard.

His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than *Ralph's* harangue;

To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.

The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,

With mortal *Crisis* doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.

I am for action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit.

Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.

I am not apt upon a wound,
 Or trivial basting, to despond:
 Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail.
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
 Or that we'd time enough as yet
 To make an honourable retreat,
 'Twere the best course: but they find
 We fly, and leave our Arms behind,
 For them to seize on, the dishonor
 And danger too is such, I'll sooner
 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
 To let them see I am no starter.
 In all the trade of War, no feat
 Is nobler than a brave retreat.
 For those that run away, and fly,
 Take Place at least of th' enemy.

This

This said, the *Squire* with active speed,
 Dismounted from his bony Steed,
 To seize the Arms which by mischance
 Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance,
 These being found out, and restor'd
 To *Hudibras*, their nat'ral Lord,
 The active *Squire* with might and main
 Prepar'd in haste to mount again.
 Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,
 But by his weighty Bum as oft
 He was pull'd back: till having found
 Th' advantage of the rising ground,
 Thither he led his warlike Steed,
 And having plac'd him right, with speed
 Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.
 When *Osir*, who had newly dress'd
 The bloody scar upon the shoulder
 Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* Powder,

And now was searching for the spot
That laid *Magnano* on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his Horse side.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms with Courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The Enemy begins to rally :
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a Thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving the Enemy to attack
Before he reacht his Horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beast with active vau'ting.

Wrigling his body to recover
 His seat, and cast his right Leg over;
 When *Orsin* rushing in, bestow'd
 On Horse and Man so heavy a load,
 The Beast was startled, and begun
 To kick and fling like mad, and run;
 Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
 Or stout King *Richard* on his back;
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,
 Sore bruis'd and cast into a swoon.
 Mean while the *Knight* began to rowse
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess;
 He thrust his Hand into his Hose,
 And found both by his Eyes and Nose,
 'Twas only Choler, and not Bloud,
 That from his wounded Body flow'd.
 This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
 Inflam'd him with despightful Ire;

Courageously he fac'd about,
 And drew his other Pistol out,
 And now had half-way bent the Cock,
 When *Cerdan* gave so fierce a shock,
 With sturdy truncheon thwart his Arm
 That down it fell, and did no harm;
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
 Assay'd to pull him off his Steed,
 The *Knight* his Sword had onely left,
 With which he *Cerdan's* Head had cleft,
 Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
 But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.
 He with his Lance attack'd the *Knight*
 Upon his quarters opposite.
 But as a Bark that in foul weather,
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
 Is bruis'd and beaten too and fro,
 And knows not which to turn him to:

So far'd the *Knight* between two foes he staid
 And knew not which of them t' oppose;
 Till *Orsin* charging with his Lance
 At *Hudibras*, by spightful chance
 Hit *Cerdon* such a bang, as stunn'd
 And laid him flat upon the ground.
 At this the *Knight* began to cheer up,
 And raising up himself on stirrup,
 Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there;
 And I shall straight dispatch another,
 To bear thee company in death;
 But first I'll halt awhile and breath
 As well he might: for *Orsin* griev'd
 At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd
 Ran to relieve him with his lore
 And cure the hurt he made before.
 Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
 To breathe himself, and next find out

Th' advantage of the ground, where best
 He might the ruffled foe infect,
 This being resolv'd, he spur'd his Steed;
 To run at Orsin with full speed;
 While he was busie in the care
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware:
 But he was quick, and had already
 Unto the part apply'd remedy;
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
 Then like a Warrior might expect
 And skilful in the martial Art,
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
 Until he had relieved the Squire,
 And then (in order) to retire;
 Or, as occasion should invite,
 With Forces join'd renew the fight.

Ralpho

Ralph by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruis'd; his Limbs all o're
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone;
 When *Hudibras* to aid him came.
 Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
 Courage, the day at length is ours,
 And we once more as Conquerors,
 Have both the Field and Honor won,
 The Foe is profligate and run;
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home;
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,
 With many a gash and bloody wound.

Cesar himself could never say;
 He got two Victories in a day;
 As I have done, that can say, Twice I
 In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici*,
 The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*
 As they *perire*, and yet enough
 Be left to strike an after-blow.
 Then lest they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the business o'er,
 Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
 And let us both their motions watch.
 Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were
 In case for action, now be here;
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An Arse, for fear of being hang'd:

It was for you I got these harms,
 Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms,
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
 My Limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
 And reach your hand to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a prey
 To those who now are run away.

That shalt thou not (quoth *Hidibos*)
 We read, the Ancients held it was
 More honorable far *Servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary:
 The one we oft to day have done
 The other shall dispatch anon
 And though th'art of a different Church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch

To help him up, the laid a load

This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
 And steer'd him gently toward the Squire.
 Then bowing down his Body, stretcht
 His Hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;
 When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
 She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out;
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startl'd him was got.
 But having found the worst was past,
 She fell to her own work at last.
 The pillage of the Prisoners,
 Which all in feat of Arms was hers;
 And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,
 When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew.
 To succor him; for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load

Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield *scoundrel* base, (quoth she) or dye;
Thy Life is mine and Liberty.

But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,

To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my Title to thy flesh,

Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right:

And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend the back thy self awhile,

And once more for that carcass vile

Fight upon tick——Quoth *Hudibras*,

Thou offer'st nobly, valiant *Lass*,

And I shall take thee at thy word.

First let me rise, and take my sword:

That sword which has so oft this day
 Through Squadrons of my foes made way,
 And some to other worlds dispatch,
 Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,
 Will blush with bloud ignoble stain'd,
 By which no honor's to be gain'd,
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
 Consider while thou may'st, what 'tis
 To interrupt a Victor's course,
 B' opposing such a trivial force.
 For if with Conquest I come off,
 (And that I shall do sure enough)
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
 By Law of Arms in such a case;
 Both which I now do offer freely,
 I scorn (quoth they) thou Coxcomb filly,

(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
 To shew how much he priz'd his speech)
 Quarter or Counsel from a foe:
 If thou canst force me to it, do.
 But lest it should again be sed,
 When I have once more won thy head,
 I took thee napping unprepar'd,
 Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.

This said, she to her Tackle fell,
 And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
 Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,
 That he retir'd and follow'd's Bum.
 Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to mercy.
 It is not fighting. *Arise-verse*
 Shall serve thy turn--- This stirr'd his spleen
 More than the danger he was in,

The blows he felt, or was to feel,
 Although the' already made him reel,
 Honor, despight, revenge, and shame,
 At once unto his stomach came;
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm
 Above his Head, and rain'd a storm
 Of blows so terrible and thick,
 As if he meant to hush her quick.
 But she upon her truncheon took 'em;
 And by oblique diversion broke 'em;
 Waiting an opportunity
 To pay all back with usury,
 Which long she fail'd not of, for now
 The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
 Resolving to decide the fight,
 And she with quick and cunning flight
 Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,

As almost sway'd him to the ground,
 No sooner she th' advantage found,
 But in the flew, and seconding
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side,
 And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring base Scum.
 Say, will the Law of Arms allow
 I may have Grace, and Quarter now
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine Honor, than thy Sword,
 A Man of War to damn his Soul,
 In basely breaking his Parole.
 And when before the Fight, th' hadst vow'd
 To give no quarter in cold blood:
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
 To make m' against my will take quarter?

M

Why

Why dost not put me to the sword,
 But cowardly fly from thy word?
 Quoth *Hudibras*, the days thine own;
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
 My Laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:
 My loss of Honor's great enough,
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
 Sarcasmes may eclipse thine own,
 But cannot blur my lost renown:
 I am not now in Fortune's power,
 He that is down can fall no lower.
 The ancient *Hero's* were illustrious
 For b'ing benigne, and not blustrous,
 Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
 And did in fight but cut work out,
 T'employ their courtesies about.

Quoth

Quoth she, although thou hast deserv'd,
 Base *slubberduggion*, to be serv'd
 As thou did'st vow to deal with me,
 If thou had'st got the Victory;
 Yet I shall rather act a part
 That suits my Fame, than thy desert.
 Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside
 All that's o' th' out-side of thy Hide,
 Are mine by Military Law,
 Of which I will not bate one straw:
 The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
 For me to treat, or stipulate;
 What thou Command'st I must obey;
 Yet those whom I expugn'd to day,

Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bears*, upon their parol,
Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whither thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's* pound;
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous Bowels rage and fret.
But now thy Carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange for him.

This said, the *Knight* did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.

Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,
 And with it did himself resign.
 She took it, and forthwith devesting
 The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
 And as the *French* we conquer'd once
 Now give us Laws for Pantaloon,
 The length of Breeches, and the garters
 Port-cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
 Just so the proud insulting Lass
 Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, perft
 In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
 Arriv'd, when *Trulla* 'd won the day,
 To share in th' Honor and the Prey,

And out of *Hudibras* his Hide
With vengeance to be satisfi'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower.
But *Trulla* thrust her self between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandisht o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make their quarter good,
For she was bound by Law of Arms
To see him safe from further harms,
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast
By *Hudibras* as yet lay fast,
Where to the hard and ruthless stones
His great Heart made perpetual moans,
Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ransom, and supply his place.

This

This stopt the fury and the basting
Which toward *Hudibras* was basting.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had atchiev'd in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleas'd :
Crowdero ought to be releas'd ;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitcht upon :
For who a better could imagine ?
This therefore they resolv'd t'engage in,
The *Knight* and *Squire* first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid ;
Then mounted both upon their Horses,
But with their Faces to the *Arser*.
Orsin led *Hudibras's* beast,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest,

Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,
 And *Colon* waited as a guard on,
 All ushering *Trulla*, in the rear
 With th' Arms of either prisoner.
 In this proud order and array
 They put themselves upon their way,
 Striving to reach th' *enchanted Castle*,
 Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still.
 Thither with greater speed, than shows
 And triumphs over conquer'd foes
 Do use t' allow, or then the *Bears*
 Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
 In order Soldier-like contriv'd,
 Still marching in a warlike posture,
 As fit for Battel as for Muster.
 The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,
 And bending 'gainst their Fort their force,
 They

They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.

Magnan' led up in this adventure,

And made way for the rest to enter.

For he was skilful in *Black Art*

No less than he that left the Fort;

And with an Iron Mace laid flat

A breach, which straight all enter'd at,

And in the wooden Dungeon found

Crowders laid upon the ground.

Him they release from durance base,

Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Cafe*,

And liberty, his thirsty rage

With luscious vengeance to assuage.

For he no sooner was at large,

But *Trulla* straight brought on her charge,

And in the self-same *Limbo* put

The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was shut.

Where

Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,
 Their bangs and durance to condole
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted Mansion, to know sorrow;
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd, they marcht away.

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Chear'd up himself with ends of Verse,
 And sayings of Philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind
 Is *Sui juris* unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 What e'er the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty
 That makes Men prisoners or free;

But

But perturbations that possess
The Mind or Æquanimities.
The whole world, was not half so wide
To *Alexander* when he cry'd,
Because h' had but one to subdue,
As was a paultry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not said
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger, i' th' eye, and sob
Because h' had ne'er another *Tub*.
The ancient make two several kinds
Of Prowess in heroick minds,
The *Active* and the *Passive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant :
For both to give blows and to carry,
In fights are equenecessary ;
But in defeats, the *Passive* stout
Are always found to stand it out

Most

Most desp'rately, and to out-doe
 The Active, 'gainst a conquering foe.
 Though we with blacks and blews are suggil'd,
 Or, as the vulgar say are cudgel'd :
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honor by't.
 Honour's a *lease for lives to come,*
 And cannot be *extended* from
 The legal Tenant : 'tis a Chattel,
 Not to be forfeited in Battel,
 If he that in the field is slain,
 Be in the *Bed of Honor* lain :
 He that is beaten may be sed
 To lie in Honor's *Trunkle-bed.*
 For as we see th' eclipsed Sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when adorn'd with all his light
 He shines in Serene Sky most bright :

So Valor in a low estate
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit
Will judge us overgrown with Wit:
As gifted Brethren preaching by
A Carnal Hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not to draw off;
For who without a Cap and Bangle,
Having subdu'd a Bear and Rabbit,
And might with Honor have come off,
Would put it to a second proof:

A politick exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian* Zeal and Wit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckolds tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing would'st rail,
Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is prophane,
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' ye call*
Thy light *Jump* right thou call'st *Synodical*.
As if *Presbytery* were a standard
To see what's ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my *Beard* wast bold to say,
That thou could'st prove *Beard* *batting* equal
With *Synods*, *Orthodox* and *legal*?

Do if thou can'st, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy light:

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains,
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical *Bear-gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babylonish* sport,
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Beardard*,
Do differ onely in a mere word,
Both are but several *Synagogues*
Of carnal Men, and *Bones and Dags*:

Both

Both Antichristian assemblers,
 To mischief bent as far's in themselves
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
 The one with Men, the other Beasts.
 The difference is, The one fights with
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 In th' other souls and Consciences;
 Where saints themselves are brought to stake
 For Gospel light, and Conscience sake;
 Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
 Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs;
 Then whom th' have less humanity,
 For these at Souls of Men will fly.
 This to the Prophet did appear,
 Who in a Vision saw a Bear,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of Church-rule in this latter age.
 Both

As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the *Popes Bull*,
Bears naturally are Beasts of prey,
 That live by Rapine, so do they;
 What are their *Orders, Constitutions,*
Church Censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 But sev'ral mystick chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the stake;
 And then set Heathen Officers,
 Instead of *Dogs*, about their Ears,
 For to prohibit and dispence,
 To find out, or to make offence;
 Of Hell and Heaven to dispose;
 To play with Souls at fast and lose;
 To set what Characters they please,
 And mulcts of sin or Godliness;
 Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order*,
 By *Rapine, Sacriledge, and Murder*;

To make *Presbytery* supreme,
 And *Kings* themselves submit to them;
 And force all people, though against
 Their *Consciences*, to turn *Saints*,
 Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
 When *Saints* Monopolists are made,
 When *pious* frauds and *holy* shifts
 Are *dispensations* and *gifts*,
 There *Godliness* becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair,

Synods are whelps of th' *Inquisition*,
 A mungrel breed of like pernicious,
 And growing up became the Sires
 Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*;
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning flight
 To cast a figure for mens Lights;

To find in lines of *Beard and Face*,
 The Physiognomy of *Grace*;
 And by the sound and *twang of Nose*,
 If all be found within disclose,
 Free from a crack or flaw of *sinning*,
 As Men try *Pinkins* by the *fingering*,
 By *Black Caps* underlaid with *White*,
 Give certain guess at inward *Light*;
 Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
 To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear,
 The *Handkerchief* about the neck
 (*Canonical Garment of Lamerck*)
 From whom the Institution came
 When *Church and State* they set on flame;
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of *Spiritual Warfareing Men*;
 Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
 Be of the newest *Cut* in fashion.

Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion
 That *Grace is founded in Dominion*.
 Great *Piety* consists in *Pride*;
 To rule is to be *sanctifi'd*:
 To domineer and to controul
 Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
 Is the most perfect *discipline*
 Of Church-rule, and by *right divine*.
 Bell and the *Dragons* Chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far:
 For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
 To get their Wives and Children Meat:
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have Wealth and Power too,
 Or else with blood and desolation,
 They'll tear it out o'th' heart o'th' Nation,

Sure

Sure these themselves from Primitive
 And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
 When Butchers were the only Clerks,
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks,
 Whose Directory was to Kill;
 And some believe it is so still,
 The only difference is, that then
 They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men,
For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to Moloch,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole Nation.
 Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a Free State,
 A Commonwealth of Popery,
 Where ev'ry Village is a See
 As well as Rome, and must maintain
 A Tithe Pig Metropolitane:

Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*
 Commands the *Keys* for *Chiese* and *Bishop*,
 And ev'ry *Hanbler* governed
 By's *Holiness*, the *Church's* Head,
 More haughty and *lever* in place
 Than *Gregory* and *Boniface*,
 Such Church must (surely) be a *Monster*
 With many heads: for if we consider
 What in th' *Apocalypse* we find,
 According to th' *Apostles* mind,
 'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
 With many heads did ride upon;
 Which Heads denote the *filial* Tribe
 Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*,
Lay-Elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
 Whose little finger is as heavy

As joins in Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate, and Hell
 Archbishop-secular. This Zealot
 Is of a mungrel, divers kind,
 Clerick before, and Lay behind
 A Lawless *Linsy-walsy* Brother,
 Half of one Order, half another
 A Creature of amphibious nature,
 On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water,
 That always preys on Grace, or Sin,
 A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
 This fierce Inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over Mens Belief
 And Manners: Can pronounce a *Saint*
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he lifts,
 Through courest Boulter, others gifts.
 For all Men live and judge amiss
 Whose Talents jump not just with his.

He'll lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle *light* and *grace*,
 The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
 Whose Pastors are but th' Handiwork
 Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling.
 From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,
 Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.
 So *Cardinals*; they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *soft fire*,
 They say, *does make sweet Malt*. Good *Squire*.
Festina lente, not too fast;
 For *haste* (the Proverb says) *makes waste*.
 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon mistake,

And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of *Falacies*, & *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And figure to be understood,
I'll force you by right *ratio*cination
To leave your *Vitilification*,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue *Dialectic*.

The Question then, to state it first,
Is which is better, or which worst,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worst, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really *all one*.
If so, not worst; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then, *Tantundem dat tantidem*.

200 CANTO III.

For if they are the *same*, by course I haA
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*. 30
But I deny they are the *same*, 40
More than a *Maggot* and I am. 50
That both are *Animalia*, 60
I grant, but not *Rationalia*. 70
For though they do agree in kind, 80
Specifick difference we find. 90
And can no more make *Bears* of these,
Than prove my *Horse* a *Socrates*. 100

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,

Thou dost affirm; but I say no:

And thus I prove it, in a word,

Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impowr'd

To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,

Can be no *Synod*: but *Bear-garden*

Has no such pow'r, Erga tis none.
 And so thy Sophistry's o'erthrown,
 But yet we are beside the Question
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
 For that was, Whether Bears are better
 Than Synod-men, I say Negative;
 That Bears are Beasts, and Synod-Men,
 Is held by all: They'r better then.
 For Bears and Dogs on four Legs go,
 As Beasts, but Synod-men on Two.
 'Tis true, they all have Teeth and Nails;
 But prove that Synod-men have tails;
 Or that a rugged, shaggy Fur
 Grows o'er the Hide of Presbyter;
 Or that his snout and spacious Ears
 Do hold proportion with a Bear's.

A *Bear's* a savage Beast, of all
 Most ugly and unnatural,
 Whelp't without form, until the Dam
 Have lick't him into shape and frame;
 But all thy *light* can ne'er evict
 That ever *Synod-men* was lick't;
 Or brought to any other fashion
 Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
 Oppugne thy self and sense, that is,
 Thou would'st have *Presbyters* to go
 For *Bears* and *Dogs*, and *Bearwards* too,
 A strange *Chimera* of Beasts and Men,
 Made up of pieces Heterogene,
 Such as in Nature never met
 In eodem *subjecto* yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
 Supposures, Hypothetical,
 That do but beg, and we may chuse
 Either to grant them, or refuse.
 Much thou hast said, which I know when,
 And where, thou stol'st from other Men
 (Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
 Are all but plagiary shifts;) *Alas!*
 And is the same that *Ranter* sed,
 That arguing with me, broke my head,
 And tore a handful of my Beard:
 The self-same Cavils then I heard,
 When b'ing in hot dispute about
 This Controversie, we fell out;
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
 Will serve to answer thee agen,

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse
 Of *Humane Learning* you produce;
 Learning that Cobweb of the Brain,
 Profane, erroneous, and vain;
 A trade of knowledge as repleat
 As others are with fraud and cheat;
 An Art t' incumber Gifts and Wits,
 And render both for nothing fits;
 Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,
 Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet;
 A cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other mens reason and their own;
 A Fort of Error, to enconce
 Absurdity and Ignorance;
 That renders all the avenues
 To Truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plaid things, in debate,
 By Art, perplext and intricate:

For nothing goes for ~~safe or light~~ ^{But to the}
That will not with old rules jump right, ^{And}
As if Rules were not in the Schools ^{More}
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

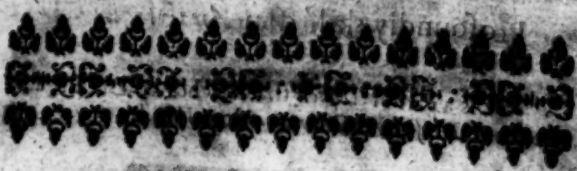
^{Two things, I aver, they never see}
This Pagan, Heathenish inversion ^{But in thy}
Is good for nothing but Contention ^{But}
For as in Sword and Buckler Fight, ^{To}
All blows do on the Target light: ^{Some other}
So when Men argue, the great part ^{Then this}
O' th' Contest falls on terms of Art, ^{And}
Until the Fustian staff be spent, ^{Already}
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
~~out-run~~ the Constable at last;
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,

But

But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white;
 Mere Disparate, that concerning
 Presbytery, this Humane Learning;
 Two things s' averse, they never yet
 But in thy rambling fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 To evince thee by Ratiocination,
 Some other time, in place more proper
 Than this w' are in: therefore let's stop here,
 And rest our wearied bones a while,
 Already tir'd with other toil,

Annota-



Annotations

TO THE

FIRST PART

That could as well bind o're as swaddle.

B Ind over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliaments Army, and a Committee-man.

As Mountaigne playing with his Cat.

Mountaigne in his Essays supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loosing his time, in playing with her.

Pro-

Profoundly skill'd in *Analytique*.

Analytique is a part of *Logick* that teaches to Decline and
Contrast Reason, as *Grammar* does Words.

A Babilonish Dialect.

A confusion of Languages, such, as some of our Mo-
dern *Virtuosi* use to express themselves in.

That had the *Orator*, who once,

Demosthenes, who is said to have a defect in his Pro-
nunciation, which he cur'd by using to speak with
little stones in his mouth.

He could reduce all things to *Acts*, T

The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of
Natural things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences;
and when they had refin'd them into the nicest Substi-
tutes, gave them as insignificant Names, as those O-
perators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says)
the subtler things are render'd, they are but the nearer
to Nothing. So are all their definitions of things by
Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.

Where

Where Truth in person does appear.

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions, or Images of things (in the understanding of Man) into the same state and order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore Aristotle, says, *unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. 1. 2.

Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Some report, that in Nova Zemle, and Greenland, Mens words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

He knew the Seat of Paradise
There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise; Sir Walter Rawleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them in the beginning of his History of the World; where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

By a High Dutch Interpreter:

On this Occasion endeavours to prove that High Dutch was the Language that Adam and Eve spake in Paradise.

If either of them had a Navel.

Adam and *Eve* being Made; and not Conceiv'd, and Form'd in the Womb, had no Navel, as some Learned Men have suppos'd, because they had no need of them.

Who first made Musick Malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Like *Mahomet's* were As and Widgeon.

Mahomet had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and Inspire him. His As was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

It was Canonique, and did grow

In Holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had subdued the King, of which Order of Phanatick Votaries, there were many in those times.
So

So Learned *Taliacotius*, &c.

Taliacotius was an Italian Chirurgion, that found out a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

But lest the Trade, as many more,
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver Cromwel and *Colonel Pride* had been both Brew-
ers.

That *Cesar's* Horse, who as Fame goes,
Hid Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

Julius Caesar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. *Uxor
batur equo insigni, pedibus prope Humanis, & in modum
Digitorum ungulis fissis.* Sueton in Jul. Cap. 61.

The mighty Tyrian Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds, a Tract of Land.

Dido Queen of Carthage, who bought as much Land
as she could compass with an Oxes Hide, which

the cut into small Thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground, as serv'd her to build Carthage upon.

As the bold Trojan Knight seen Hell.

Aeneas whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough, for a Pass to Hell, and Tailors call that place Hell, where they put all they steal.

In Magick, Ta'isman, and Cabal.

Ta'isman is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable success.

Cabal, or *Chabul*, is a word of the *Arabic* Language, which his Commentator *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has render'd a very superfluous Foppery.

As far as *Adam's* first Green Breeches.

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the antient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in Paradise, before the Fall.

And

And much of *Terra Incognita* not

The Intelligible world could say

The Intelligible world, is a kind of *Terra del Incognito* of *Pfinsacrum Regio*, discovered only by the Philosophers, of which they talk, like Parsons, what they do not understand, and is as horrible a Travesty in itself, as was only one done in this world, which is a Travesty of a Travesty.

As Learn'd as the wild Irish are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild Irish, as appears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which see *Cambden* in his description of Ireland.

In *Rosy-Crucian* Love as Learned

As he that were *Adeptus* earned.

The Fraternity of the *Rosy-Crucians* is very like the Sect of the ancient *Gnostici* who call'd themselves so, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has Commenc'd in their Fanatique extravagance.

Thou that with Ale or viler Licquors
Didst inspire *Wishers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late Reformation, as *Pryn*, or *Wishers*, and as able a Poet; He Translated *Virgils Æneids* into as horrible Travesty in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in Burlesque, and was only out-done in his way by the Politick Author of *Oceana*.

We that are wisely mounted higher.

This Speech is let down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own words: but since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humor, but all men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike. And too much of so extravagant a Folly would become tedious, and impertinent, the rest of his Harangues have only his Sense express'd in other words, unless in some few places where his own words could not be so well avoided.

In Bloudy Cynarctomarchy.

Cynarctomarchy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such words very great Knowledge is contained: and our Knight as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion.

Or Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the same kind, which though it appear ever so Learned, and Profound, means nothing else but the weeding of Corn.

The Indians fought for the Truth Of th' Elephant, and Monkeys Tooth.

The History of the White Elephant, and the Monkeys Tooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by Monsieur *Le Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the Portuguese, from those that worship'd it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were perswaded by their Priests, rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the People present were not able to indure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

This rage in them like *Bant-fews*.

Bant-few is a French word, and therefore it were unwill to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

As Indian Britains are from Penguins.

The American Indians call a great Bird they have, with a white head a Penguin; which signifies the same thing in the British Tongue: from whence (with other words of the same kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the Americans are originally deriv'd from the Britains.

And though his Country-men the Huns.

The History of the White Elephant, and the Monkeys. This custom of the Huns is describ'd by Ammianus Marcellinus, *Fluxu Semitrada equisq; Pecora carne vescuntur, inter fenum siccū & equorum terga subservam, sine calofactis brev.* Pag. 686.

Christians were persecuted by their Kings, rather than by the Huns. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the People professed themselves Christians. The People of the Huns, that came from the East, had been made of the same kind of substance, which they call *Stygian*.

Of Noble House a Lady gay.

This story in *Le Blanc*, of a Bear that married a Kings Daughter, is no more strange than many others in most Travellers, that pass with allowance, for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labor, and observed nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

They

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame.

To swear by *Hercules's* Name.

The old Romans had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore *Macrobias* says, *Viri per Castorem, non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem. Edipoli autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus quam viris commune.* &c.

As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*.

Two formidable Women at Arms, in Romances, they were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants.

Wore in their Hats like Wedding garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the five Members of Treason in the House of Commons; great crowds of the Rabble came down to Westminster-Hall, with Printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favors.

Make that Sarcasms scandal true!

Abusive, or insulting had been better, but our Knight believ'd the learned Languages, more convenient to understand in, than his own Mother-tongue.

And is indeed the self-same case

With theirs that swore it *Et ceteras*.

The Convocation in one of the short Parliaments that
 held in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do
 Knights Errant) made an Oath to be taken, by the
 Clergy, for observing of Canonical obedience; in
 which they injoyn'd their Brethren, out of the abun-
 dance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with
etc.

Of the French League in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of Bloud.

The Holy League in France, design'd and made for the
 Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Ori-
 ginal, out of which the Solemn League and Cove-
 nant here, was (with difference only of Circum-
 stances) most faithfully Transcrib'd. Nor did the
 success of both differ more than the Intent and Pur-
 pose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of
 People of all sorts, both ended with the Murthers of
 two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend:
 and as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one
 before another in the way of Reformation, So did the
 French in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop
 of Bloud.

First Trulla flav'd, and Cordon tair'd,

Staving and Tailing are terms of Art us'd in the Bear-Garden, and signifie there only the parting of Dogs and Bears, though they are us'd Metaphorically, in several other Professions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

Or like the late corrected Leather
Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

Pryn, Bastwyck, and Burton, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for three Professions of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took possession of it in their Names.

By him that Baited the Popes Bull.

A Learned Divine in King James's time wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Popes Bull Baited*.

Canonical Crabat of *Smec*.

Smectymnius was a Club of Parliamentary Holders-forth, The Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves exprest, in that senseless insignificant

cant word; They wore Handkerchers about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats.

And leave your Vitiligation.

Vitiligation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible occasions: and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning, and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling.

By him that B. in the Pope Bull.

Alas! that in King James's time wrote a Poem against the Pope, and was in that un-
lucky Nick Name, of the Pope's B. Bull.

Chemical Characters of Stars.

The Characters of whole Names and Letters were by themselves express'd, in that last-mentioned
cant

2

1

A

2

HUDIBRAS.

The Second Part.

By the Author of the First.

CORRECTED & AMENDED,

With

Several Additions and Annotations.

L O N D O N :

Printed by T. N. for *John Martyn* and *Henry Herringman*, at the *Bell* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1678,

HINDIBRAS

The Second Part.

By the Author of the First.

CORRECTED & AMENDED.

With

Several Additions and Annotations.

L O N D O N :

Printed by T. M. for John Almon and Henry
Hartung at the Sign in St. Pauls Church-
yard, and at the Anchor in the Lower
Walk of the New Exchange, 1678.

The Second PART of
H U D I B R A S.

The Argument of the first CANTO.

*The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
 The last unhappy Expedition,
 Love brings his Action on the Case,
 And lays it upon Hudibras.
 How he receives the Ladies visit;
 And cunningly solicits his sute,
 Which she deferrs: yet on Parol;
 Redeems him from th' Inchanted Hole.*

C A N T O I.

BUt now t'observe *Romantique* method
 Let rusty Steel a while be sheathed;
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds
 Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds
 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle stile,
 To let our Reader breathe a while:

In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of *Preface*.

Is't not enough to make one strange,
That some mens fancies should ne'er change?
But make all people do, and say,
The same things still the self-same way:
Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,
And *Knights* pursuing like a Whirlwind:
Others make all their *Knights*, in fits
Of Jealousie, to lose their wits;
Till drawing blood o'th' Dames, like Witches,
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
By pulling Plaisters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Just so do they, and win their Dames.
Some force whole Regions, in despight
O' *Geography*, to change their site:

Make former times shake hands with latter,
 And that which was before, come after,
 But those that write in *Rhime*, still make
 The one *Verse* for the others sake:
 For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhime*,
 I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight
 We lately left the Captiv'd Knight,
 And penfive *Squire* both bruis'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe Custody:
 Tir'd with Dispute, and speaking *Latine*,
 As well as basting, and *Bear-baiting*;
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force.
 His onely Solace was, That now
 His dog-bolt Fortune was so low:
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend:

In which he found th'event, no less
 Than other times beside his guests;
 There is a tall long-sided Dame,
 (But wondrous light) yeled *Fame*,
 That like a thin *Camelion* Bourde
 He self on Air, and eats her words;
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
 Like Hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with Ears,
 And Eies, and Tongues, as Poets list,
 Made good by deep *Mythologists*.
 With these, she through the Welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*;
 With Letters hung like *Eastern* Pidgeons;
 And *Mercuries* of farthest Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
 Of Lying, to inform the Nation;
 And by their publick use to bring down
 The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdom,

About

About her neck a *Pacquet-Male*,
 Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And *Cows* of *Monsters* brought to bed:
 Of *Hailstones* big as *Pullets Eggs*,
 And *Puppies* whelp'd with twice two legs:
 A *Blazing-Star* seen in the *West*,
 By six or seven Men at least.
 Two *Trumpets* she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary tones.
 But whether both with the same *Wind*,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not; only this can tell,
 Th' one sounds vilely, th' other well.
 And therefore vulgar Authors name
 Th' one good, th' other *Evil Fame*.

This tatling *Gossip* knew too well,
 What mischief *Hudibras* befel;

And straight the spiteful tidings bears,
 Af all, to th' unkind Widows Ears.
Demetrius ne'er laugh'd so loud
 To see *Bands* carted through the crowd,
 Or Funerals with stately Pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn dump;
 As she laugh'd out, until her back
 As well as sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd she would go see the Sight,
 And visit the distressed *Knight*,
 To do the Office of a Neighbor,
 And be a *Gossip* at his Labor:
 And from his wooden Jail the Stocks,
 To set at large his Fetter-locks,
 And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransome,
 To free him from th' Inchant'd Mansion.
 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood and
 And Usher, Implements abroad,

Which

Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting *Damsel* to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went,
 To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent :
 And 'twas not long before she found
 Him, and his stout *Squire* in the Pound ;
 Both coupled in Iachanted Tether,
 By further Leg behind together :
 For as he sate upon his Rump,
 His Head like one in doleful dump,
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd
 Unto his Ears on either side.
 And by him, in another hole,
 Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Jowl ;
 She came upon him in his wooden
Magicians Circle, on the sudden,
 As *Spirits* do t' a Conjuror,
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
 But straight he fell into a Fever,
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
 To be seen by her in such a place;
 Which made him hang the head, and scowl,
 And wink and goggle like an Owl,
 He felt his Brains begin to swim,
 When thus the Dame accosted him;
 This place (quoth she) they say's Inchantèd,
 And with *Deliquent Spirits* haunted;
 That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,
 Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd;
 Look, there are two of them appear'd
 Like Persons I have seen somewhere:
 Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts,
 For *Spectres, Apparitions, Ghosts*
 With Sawcer-eyes, and Horns; and some
 Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:

But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,
That give a wrong account of Faces;
That *Beard* and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted,
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if't had lately been in Combat;
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by't.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard
To take kind notice of his *Beard*,
And speak with such respect and honor,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* Owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke; *Lady*, your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right:
The *Beard's* th' *Identique Beard* you knew,
The same numerically true:

Nor

Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himself.

Oh Heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you:
Not by your Individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Discourse;
That never spoke to Man or Beast,
In notions vulgarly exprest.
But what malignant Star, alas,
Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, the fortune of the War,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with *Beard* and *Face*,
By you, in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd,
For being honorably maim'd;
If he that is in battel conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*.

Though

Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
 It does your visage more adorn,
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd
 And cut square by the *Russian* Standerd.
 A torn *Beard's* like a tatter'd Ensign,
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.
 That Petticoat about your Shoulders,
 Does not so well-become a Soldiers,
 And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
 Although i'th' reer, your *Beard* the Van led.
 And those uneasie bruises make
 My heart for company to ake,
 To see so worshipful a friend
 I'th' Pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,
 Is (as the Learn'd *Stoicks* maintain)
 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
 But merely as 'tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and may faign,
As well in counterfeiting pain,
As other gross *Phænomena's*,
In which it oft mistakes the Case.
But since th' immortal Intellect
(That's free from Error and Defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows :
It follows, we can ne'er be sure,
Whether we pain or not endure :
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion streight,
Others, though wounded sore in reason;
Felt nor contusion nor discretion.

A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat,
That *Adice*, (as Histories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His Postique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is't possible a kick,
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,
For one that's basted, to feel pain;
Because the *Pangs* his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the Cure:
Yet *Honor* hurt, is wont to rage
With *Pain* no Med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That *Honor's* very squeemish
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more honorable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in Wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What Wood a Cudgel's of by th' blow;

Some

Some

Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
 A Shooe be *Spanish* or *Neats-Leather* :
 And yet have met, after long running,
 With some whom they have taught that cunning,
 The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
 I th' end does prove th' nearest home ;
 By *Laws* of Learned *Duellists*,
 They that are bruis'd with *Wood*, or *Fists*,
 And think one beating may for once
 Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Pultrons* :
 But if they dare engage t' a second,
 They 're *stout* and *gallant* fellows reckon'd.
 Th' old *Romans*, freedom did bestow ;
 Our *Princes* worship, with a blow :
 King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenetick
 And testy Courtiers with a kick,
 The *Negus*, when some mighty *Lord*,
 Or *Potentate's* to be restor'd

And

And Pardon'd for some great offence
With which he's willing to dispence.
First has him laid upon his *Belly*,
Then beaten *back*, and *side*, t' a *Jelly*,
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the gracious blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting,
Of his magnificent *Rib-roasting*.
The beaten *Soldier*, proves most manful,
That like his *Sword*, endures the Anvile :
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his *Valor's* malleable,
But he that fears a *Bastinado*,
Will run away from his own shadow.
And though I'm now in *durance* fast,
By our own *Party* basely cast,
Ransome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
And worse than by th' *Enemy* us'd ;

In close *Catasta* shut, past hope
Of *Wit*, or *Valor*, to elope.
As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *Earth*, still grow more reverend :
And *Cannons* shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their Breeches :
I'll make this low dejected *fate*
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y've almost made m' in Love
With that which did my pity move :
Great *Wits*, and *Valors*, like great *States*,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights :
The extreams of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
Like *East* and *West*, become the same :
No *Indian Prince* has to his *Palace*
More follow'rs than a Thief to th' *Gallows*.
But if a *beating* seem so brave,
What *Glories* must a *whipping* have?

Such great *Atchievements* cannot fail,
 To cast Salt on a *Womans* Tail,
 For if I thought your *nat'ral* Talent
 Of *Passive* Courage, were so Gallant;
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow *amorous*, and *dote*.

When *Hudibras* this language heard,
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his *Beard*;
 Thought he, this is the *Lucky* hour,
Wines work, when *Vines* are in the flower;
 This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the *Question*.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
 Shall be to all the world made out,
 How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*;
 And *Magnanimity*, I bear it;
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake my *self* down against you:

And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
Say, Fools for *Arguments* use wagers,
And though I prais'd your *Valor*, yet
I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*,
Which if you have, you must needs know
What, I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
Beyond th' infliction of a *Witch*;
So Cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the Game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
As Fire in antique *Roman-Urns*,
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light
Those only, that see nothing by't.

Have

Have you not power to *entertain*,
 And render *Love* for *Love* again?
 As *no man* can draw in his *breath*,
 At once, and force out Air beneath?
 Or do you love your self so much,
 To bear all *Rivals* else a Grutch?
 What *Fate* can lay a greater Curse,
 Than you upon your self would force;
 For *Wedlock* without *love*, some say,
 Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
 It is a kind of *Rape* to *Marry*
 One, that neglects, or cares not for ye:
 For, what does make it *Ravishment*,
 But b'ing against the *Mind's Consent*?
 A *Rape*, that is the more inhumane,
 For being acted by a *Woman*,
 Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
 To *love* you, that you may despise us?

But though you cannot *love*, you say,
Out of your own *Fanatique* way,
Why should you not, at least, allow,
Those that *love* you, to do so too :
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you :
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught,
To practise what you call a *fault*,
Quoth she, If what you say be true,
You must fly me, as I do you,
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that must sway.

Quoth he, to bid me not to *love*,
Is to forbid my *Pulse* to move,
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup :
Command me to piss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.

Loves power's too great to be withstood
By feeble humane flesh and blood.
 'Twas he, that brought upon his knees
 The *Heſſring Kill-Cow Hercules*;
 Reduc'd his *Leager-lions* skins
 T' a *Petticoat*, and made him spin:
 Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle
 T' a feeble *Diſtaff*, and a *Spindle*.
 'Twas he made *Emperors Gallants*
 To their own *Siſters*, and their *Aunts*;
 Set *Popes*, and *Cardinals* agog
 To play with *Pages* at *Leap-frog*;
 'Twas he that gave our *Senate* purges,
 And fluxt the *Hoſe* of many a *Burgeſs*;
 Made thoſe that repreſent the *Nation*
 Submit, and ſuffer *amputation*;
 And all the *Grandees* o' th' *Cabal*,
 Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *ſpring* and *fall*.

He mounted *Synod-men* and rode 'em
To *Durty-lane*, and little *Sodom*;
Made 'em *Corvett*, like Spanish *Jenets*,
And take the Ring at *Madam* —
'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do
More than the Devil could tempt him too;
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamor'd of a Wife of *snow*;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting *flames* accost and tempt her:
Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth she, if *Love* have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our *sex*?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For *Diabolical* and wicked?
And song, as out of tune, against,
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the *Saints*?

I find

I find, I've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it,

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad effects
Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects
Of *Love's* great pow'r, which he returns
Upon your selves with equal scorns;
And those who worthy *Lover's* slight,
Plague's with prepost'rous appetite;

—This made the beautiful *Queen of Crete*
To take a *Town-Bull* for her Sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the Rival of a Cow.

Others to prostitute their great *Hearts*,
To be *Baboons*, and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.
Some with the Dev'l himself in League grow
By's Representative a *Negro*,
'Twas this made *Vestal-Maids* love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd Quick.

Some

Some by their *Fathers* and their *Brothers*,
To be made *Mistresses*, and *Mothers*;
'Tis this that *Proudest Dames* enamour
On *Lacquies*, and *Varlets des-Chambres*
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to *Durty Grooms*,
To slight the *World*, and to disparage
Claps, *Issue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth she, these Judgements are severe,
Yet such, as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their *Oaths*, or prove
Their *faith*, and *secresie* in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason,
For *Secresie* in *Love* as *Treason*,
Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,

That at the *Windore-ie* does steal in
To rob the *Heart*, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way,

Which

Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles,
In *Men*, as nat'rally as in *Char-coals*,
Which sooty *Chymists* stop in holes,
When out of Wood, they extract Coles;
So *Lovers*, should their *Passions* choak,
That though they burn, they may not smoak.
'Tis like that sturdy *Thief* that stole,
And drag'd Beasts backwards, into's hole:
So *Love* does *Lovers*; and us *Men*
Draws by the Tails into his Den;
That no *impression* may discover,
And trace t' his *Cave*, the wary *Lover*.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you entrust me under Seal,
I'll prove my self as close and virtuous,
As, your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose ;
Love-Passions are like *Parables*,
By which men still mean something else :
Though *Love* be all the worlds pretence,
Mony's the *Mythologic* fence,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all Address and Courtship's made to,

Thought he, I understand your *Play*,
And how to quit you your own way ;
He that will win his *Dame*, must do,
As *Love* do's, when he bends his *Bow* :
With the one hand thrust the *Lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* home.
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
Provocative, to am'rous heat ;
It is all *Philters*, and high Diet
That makes *Love* Rampant, and to fly out :

'Tis *Beauty* always in the Flower,
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
 'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*,
 At their own weapons are out-done ;
 That makes *Knights Errant* fall in trances,
 And lay about 'em in *Romances*.

'Tis *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Worth*, and all
 That Men *Divine* and *Sacred* call.

- For what is *Worth* in any thing,

- But so much *Money* as 'twill bring ?

Or what but *Riches* is there known,

Which man can solely call his own ;

In which, no Creature goes his half,

Unless it be to *squint* and *laugh* ?

I do confess, with *Goods* and *Land*,

I'd have a *Wife*, at second hand ;

And such you are : Nor is't your person,

My stomach's set so *sharp*, and *ferce* on,

But

But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,
 That my enamor'd heart bewitches;
 Let me your *fortune* but possess,
 And settle your person how you please:
 Or make it o'er in trust to th' *Devil*,
 You'll find me *reasonable* and *civil*.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
 Than false *Mock-Passion*, *speech*, or *Letter*,
 Or any feat of *qualm* or *sowning*,
 But *hanging* of your self, or *drowning*;
 Your onely way with me, to *break*
 Your mind, is *breaking* of your *Neck*:
 For as when *Merchants* break, o'erthrown
 Like *Nine-Pins*, they strike others down;
 So, that would break my *heart*, which done,
 My tempting *fortune* is your own,
 These are but trifles, ev'ry *Lover*
 Will damn himself, over and over,

And

And greater matters undertake,
 For a less worthy *Mistress* sake:
 Yet th' are the onely ways to prove
 The unfeign'd *realities* of *Love*;
 For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
 The *Devils* in him if he feigns.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, this way's too rough,
 For mere *experiment*, and *proof*;
 It is no jesting, trivial matter,
 To swing in th' Air, or plunge in Water,
 And like a Water-witch, try *love*.
 That's to destroy, and not to prove:
 As if a man should be dissected,
 To find what part is disaffected:
 Your better way is to make over,
 In *Trust*, your fortune to your *Lover*;
Trust is a *Trial*, if it break,
 'Tis not so desp'rate as a *Neck*:

Beside,

Beside, th' *experiment's* more certain,
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;
The Soldier do's it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay:
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To share with Knaves in Cheating Fools:
And Merchants vent'ring through the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns for gain.
This is the way I advise you to,
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run
My self all th' hazard, and you none.
Which must be done, unless some *deal*
Of yours, afore said do precede;
Give but your self one gentle *swing*,
For tryal, and I'll cut the *string*:
Or give that Reverend *Head*, a maul,
Or two, or three, against a Wall;

To shew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage my self, to settle.

Quoth he, my Head's not made of *blaff*,
As Frier *Baron's* noddle was:

Nor (like the *Indian's* scull) so tough;
That *Authors* say, 'twas *Masket-proof*:

As it had need to be to enter,
As yet, on any new *Adventure*;

You see what *bangs* it has endur'd,
That would, before new *feats*, be cur'd:

But if that's all you stand upon;
Here, strike me *luck*, it shall be done:

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose, *Two words* I'd bargain;

That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given down-right proof:

And yet 'tis no *Fantastick* pike;
I have to love, not coy dislike;

'Tis no implicate, nice *Aversion*
 T' your *Conversation*, *Meet*, or *Person*;
 But a just fear, lest you should prove,
 False, and perfidious in *Love*;
 For if I thought you could be true,
 I could love twice as much as you.
 Quoth he, My faith as *Adamantine*
 As Chains of *Destiny*, I'll maintain
 True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
 Or Oracle from heart of Oak.
 And if you'll give my *ſhame* but vent,
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
 And shine upon me but benignly,
 With that one, and that other *Pigmy*,
 The *Sun* and *Day* shall sooner part,
 Than *Love*, or you, shake off my heart,
 The *Sun* that shall no more dispence
 His own, but *your* bright influence;

I'll carve your name on *Barks of Trees*,
 With *True-loves knots*, and *Flourishes*,
 That shall infuse eternal *spring*,
 And everlasting *flourishing*:
 Drink every Letter on't, in *stump*,
 And make it brisk *Champaign* become;
 Where e'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The *Primrose* and the *Violet*;
 All *spices*, *Perfumes*, and *sweet Powders*,
 Shall borrow from your breath their *Odors*,
 Nature her *Charter* shall renew,
 And take all *lives* of things from you;
 The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
 And when you frown upon it, die.
 Only our *loves* shall still survive,
 New *Worlds* and *Natures* to out-live;
 And, like to *Heralds Moons*, remain
 All *Crescents*, without change or *wane*.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
 For you will find it a hard Chapter,
 To catch me with *Poetique Rapture*,
 In which your *Mastery of Art*
 Doth shew it self and not your *Heart*;
 Nor will you raise in mine *combustion*,
 By dint of high *Heraick* fustion:
 She that with *Poetry* is won,
 Is but a *Desk* to write upon;
 And what men say of her, they mean,
 No more than that on which they lean.
 Some with *Arabian Spices* strive
 To embalm her cruelly alive;
 Or *season* her, as *French Cooks* use
 Their *Haut-gusts*, *Buollies*, or *Ragusts*;
 Use her so barbarously ill,
 To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,

Until

Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compar'd t' an *Oyster's*, with
A row of *Pearl* in't, stead of *Teeth*;
Others, make *Posies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *red*, and *whitest* colors mix;
In which the *Lily*, and the *Rose*
For *Indian Lake*, and *Ceruse* goes.
The *Sun*, and *Moon*, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd, and darkn'd in the *Skies*;
Are but *Black-patches* that she wears,
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*,
By which *Astrologers*, as well
As those in *Heav'n* above, can tell
What strange Events they do foreshow
Unto her Under-world below.
Her Voice the *Musick* of the *Spheres*,
So loud it deafens mortal ears;

As wise *Philosophers* have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in *Rhime*, would kick in *Prose*;
And in those *Fibbins* would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung.
That have the hard *fate*, to write best
Of those still that deserve it least;
It matters not, how *false*, or *forc'd*,
So the *best* things be said o' th' *worst*;
It goes for nothing when 'tis sed,
Onely the *Arrow's* drawn to th' head,
Whether it be *Swan* or *Goose*
They level at: So *Shepherds* use
To set the same *mark* on the *hip*
Both of their *sound* and *rotten Sheep*.
For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*,

The *mark*, which else they ne'r come nigh,
 But when they take their aim awry.
 But I do wonder you should chuse
 This way t' attaque me with your *Muse*,
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
 With *Fulhams* of *Poetic* *fiction*;
 I rather hop'd, I should no more
 Hear from you, o' th' *Gallanting* score:
 For hard *dry-bastings* use to prove
 The readiest Remedies of *Love*,
 Next a *dry-diet*; But if those fail,
 Yet this uneasy Loop-hold *Jail*
 In which y' are hamper'd by the *fet-lock*,
 Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*:
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
 If that may serve you for a *Cooler*;
 T' allay your *Mettle*, all agog
 Upon a *Wife*, the heav'n clog.

CANTO I.

Nor rather thank your gentle Fate,
 That, for a bruise'd or broken Fate,
 Has freed you from those *knobs*, that grow
 Much harder, on the Marry'd Brow :
 But if no dread can cool your Courage,
 From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage ;
 Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
 To nobler aims, your Puissance :
 Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
 The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand
 In that already, with your command ;
 For where does *Beauty*, and high *Wit*,
 But in your *Constellation*, meet ?

Quoth she, What does a Match imply,
 But *likeness* and *equality* ?
 I know you cannot think me fit,
 To be th' *Tokelaw* of your *Wit* :

Nor

Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,
To be the *Partner* of your *Parts*;
A *Grace*, which if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.

That *Conscience*, Quoth *Hudibras*,
Is mis-inform'd; I'll state the *Case*.
A man may be a *Legal Donor*
Of any thing whereof he's *Owner*;
And may confer it where he lists,
I th' Judgment of all *Casuists*:
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valor* may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are *Proprietors*;
As I may give or sell my *Horse*.

Quoth she, I grant the *Case* is true,
And proper 'twixt your *Horse* and you;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may *give away*, or *sell*?

Buyers

Buyers you know are bid beware ;
 And worse than Thieves *Receivers* are.
 How shall I answer *Hue and Cry*,
 For a *Roan-Gelding*, twelve hands high :
 All spur'd and switch'd, a *Lock* on's hoof,
 A *forrel-mane*? can I bring proof,
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' are sold for,
 And in the open *Market* toll'd for ?
 Or should I take you for a stray,
 You must be kept a year and day
 (Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
 Where, if y' are sought, you may be found :
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
 T' *enervate* this *Objection*,
 And prove my self, by *Topic* clear,
 No *Gelding*, as you would infer.

Loss of *Virilities* averr'd
 To be the cause of loss of *Beard*,
 That does (like *Embryo* in the womb)
 Abortive on the Chin become.
 This first a *Woman* did invent,
 In envy of *Mans* ornament.

Semiramis of *Babylon*,
 Who first of all cut men o' th' *Stone* :
 To mar their *Beards*, and laid foundation
 Of *Sow-geldering* operation.

Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether,
Eunuchs were such, or *Geldings* either.

Next it appears, I am no *Horse*,
 That I can argue, and discourse,
 Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;
 For some *Philosophers* of late here,
 Write, Men have four legs by *Nature*,

And

And that 'tis *Custom* makes them go
 Erroneously upon but two;
 As 'twas in *Germany* made good,
 B' a Boy, that lost himself in a *Wood*;
 And growing down t' a man, was wont
 With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
 As for your reasons drawn from *tayls*,
 We cannot say, they 'are true or false,
 Till you explain your self, and show,
 B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue ont't,
 I'll give you satisfactory account,
 So you will promise, if you lose.
 To settle all, and be my *Spouse*.

That never will be done (quoth she)
 To one that wants a *Tayl*, by me:
 For *Tayls* by Nature's sure were meant,
 As well as *Beards*, for ornament:

And

And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,
 In *man* or *beast*, they are so comely,
 So *Gentee*, *Allamode*, and handfom,
 I'll never marry *man* that wants one :
 And till you can demonstrate plain
 You have one equal to your *Mane*,
 I'll be torn piece-meal by a *Horse*,
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse,
 The Prince of *Cambay's* daily food,
 Is *Aspe*, *Basilisque*, and *Toad*,
 Which makes him have so strong a breath,
 Each night he stinks a *Queen* to death ;
 Yet I shall rather lie in's *Arms*,
 Than yours, on any other *tearms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
 I shall produce upon my word ;
 And if she ever gave that *boon*
 To man, I'll prove that I have one ;

I mean

I mean, by *postulate Illation*,
 When you shall offer just occasion,
 But since y' have yet deny'd to give
 My Heart; your Prisoner, a Reprieve,
 But made it sink down to my heel,
 Let that at least your pity feel,
 And for the sufferings of your Martyr,
 Give its poor Entertainer quarter;
 And by Discharge, or Main-prize grant
 Delivery from this base Restraint.
 Quoth she, I grieve to see your Leg
 Stuck in a hole here like a Peg,
 And if I knew which way to do't,
 (Your Honor safe) I'd let you out.
 That Dames by Jail-delivery
 Of Errant Knights have been set free,
 When by Enchantment they have been,
 And sometimes for it too, laid in;

Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
 By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honor* too:
 For what are they *renown'd* and *famous* else.
 But aiding of distress'd *Damozels*?
 But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*,
 To free a *Knight*, we have no *warrant* so,
 In any Authentical *Romance*,
 Or *Classic Author* yet of *Frances*.
 And I'd be loath to have you break
 An ancient *Custom* for a *freak*,
 Or *Innovation* introduce
 In place of things of *antique* use;
 To free your heels by any course,
 That might b' unwholesome to your *spurs*.
 Which if I should consent unto,
 It is not in my power to do;
 For 'tis a service must be done ye,
 With solemn previous *Ceremony*.

Which

Which always has been us'd to Mantie
 The *Charms* of those who here do lie;
 For as the *Ancients* heretofore
 To *Honor's Temple* had no dore,
 But that which thorough *Virtue's* lay;
 So, from this *Dungeon*, there's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing
 That other *Virtuous School of Lashing*,
 Where *Knights* are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wrists,
 In which they for a while are *Tenants*,
 And for their *Ladies* suffer *Penance*
 Whipping, that's *Virtues* Governess,
 Tutors of *Arts and Sciences*,
 That mends the gross mistakes of *Nature*,
 And puts new life into dull matters;
 That lays foundation for *Renown*,
 And all the *honors* of the *Gown*;

Which

This

Thus suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with honor'ble discharge;
 Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*,
 Are straight presented with *Credentials*,
 And in their way attended on
 By *Magistrates* of every Town;
 And all respect and charges paid,
 They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
 Now if you'll venture for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your *back*,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a *Whipping* on,
 (And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal vigor do't)
 I here engage to be your Bail,
 And free you from th' *Unknightly Jail*.
 But since our *sex's* modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,

Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,
And *honor* too, when you have don't ;
And I'll admit you to the place,
You claim as due in my good grace.
If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
By *Dest'ny*, why not *Whipping* too ?
What medicine else can cure the *fits*
Of *Lovers* when they lose their *Wits* ?
Love is a *Boy*, by *Poets* styl'd,
Then spare the *Rod*, and spill the *Child*.
A *Persian* Emp'rour whipp'd his *Grannum*
The *Sea*, his Mother *Venus* came on ;
And hence some Rev'rend men approve
Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*.
As skilful *Coopers* hoop their *Tubs*
With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs ;
Why may not *Whipping* have as good
A *Grace*, perform'd in *Time* and *Mood* ;

With

With comely movement, and by *Art*,
 Raise Passion in a *Lady's* heart?
 It is an easier way, to make
Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer *Whipping*,
 Than swallow *Toasts* of bits of *Ribbin*?
 Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
 And spell Names over, with *Beer glasses*?
 Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*
Loves Sacrifice, and all a *lie*?
 With *China-Oranges* and *Tarts*,
 And whining *Plays*, lay baits for *Hearts*?
 Bribe *Chamber-maids* with *love* and *money*,
 To break no *Roguish jeasts* upon ye;
 For *Lilies* limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,
 With painted perfumes, hazard *Noses*?
 Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do Penance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?

All this you may compound for, now

By suffering what I offer you :

Which is no more than has been done,

By *Knights* for *Ladies* long agoe :

Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so,

For the *Infanta Del Taboso* ?

Did not th' *Illustrious Bassa* make

Himself a *Slave* for *Misse's* sake ?

And with Bulls *Piz'e*, for her love,

Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove* ?

Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool

His flame from *Biancafiore*) to *School*,

Where *Pedant* made his *Patrick* *Eum*

For her sake suffer *Martyrdom* ?

Did not a certain *Lady* whip,

Of late, her Husband's own *Lordship* ?

And though a *Grandee* of the *House*,

Clawd him with *Fundamental* blows,

Ty'd

Ty'd him stark-naked to a Bed-post,
 And fir'd his hide as if sh' had rid post;
 And after in the *Sessions-Court*,
 Where *Whipping's* judg'd, had *honor* for't?
 This *swear* you will perform, and then
 I'll set you from th' *Inchanted Den*,
 And the *Magician Circle* clear.

Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,
 And will perform what you enjoyn,
 Or may I never see you *mine*.

Amen (quoth she) Then turn'd about,
 And bid her *Squire* let him out.
 But ere an *Artist* could be found
 T' undo the *Charms* another bound,
 The *Sun* grew low, and left the *Skies*,
 Put down (some write) by *Ladies eyes*.
 The *Moon* pull'd off her veil of *Light*.
 That hides her face by day from sight,

(Mysterious Veil, of brightneſs made,
That's both her luſtre, and her ſhade)
And in the Night as freely ſhon,
As if her Rays had been her own:
For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere,
Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling *Stars* began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſter,
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.
Our *Vot'ry* thought it beſt t' adorn
His *Whipping*-penance till the morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*
Of ſuch importance, in the Dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't i' th' open face of *Days*
And in the mean time, go in queſt
Of next *Retreat* to take his Reſt.

CANTO II.

THE
ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,
Within an Ace of falling out;
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange Alarm, and stranger Sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

TIs strange how some men's Tempers suit
(Like Bawd and Brandee) with Dispute,
That for their own Opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canyast.

That kept their *Consciences* in Cases,
 As *Fiddlers* do their *Crowds* and *Bases*,
 Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
 To play a fit for *Argument*.
 Make *true* and *false*, *unjust* and *just*,
 Of no use but to be discuss'd,
 Dispute and set a *Paradox*,
 Like a strait Boot upon the *Stocks*,
 And stretch it more unmercifully,
 Than *Helmont*, *Mountain*, *White*, or *Tully*.
 So th'antient *Stoicks* in their *Porch*,
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their *Church*,
 Beat out their *Brains* in fight and study,
 To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*,
 That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
 Made good with stout *Polemique* Brail :
 In which, some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright, and many a face

Retrench'd of Nose, and Eyes, and Beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd,
All which the Knight and Squire in wrath
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.
The Sun had long since in the Lap
Of *Thetis*, taken out his Nap,
And like a Lobster boyl'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rouse his drowsie eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to rise;
Resolving to dispatch the Deed
He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
But first, with knocking loud and bauling,
He rous'd the Squire, in Truckle lolling,

And,

And, after many Circumstances,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*,
Do use to spend their *time* and *wits* on,
To make impertinent Description;
They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,
And to the *Castle* bent their Course,
In which he to the *Dame* before
To suffer *whipping* Duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd and after sed;
Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, if I should wave this *swinging*,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' *Equivocation* swear;

Or whether 't be a lesser *sin*,
 To be forsworn, than act the thing,
 Are deep and subtle *points*, which must,
 T' inform my Conscience, be discuss'd,
 In which to err a little, may
 To errors infinite make way:
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy *Judgment*, ere we farther go.

Quoth *Ralpho*, since you do injoin't
 I shall enlarge upon the *Point*.
 And for my own part do not doubt:
 Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.
 But first to state the *Case* aright,
 For best advantage of our light:
 And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a *sin*,
 To claw and curry your own skin
 Greater, or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn forswear.

But

But first, o' th' first : The *Inward Man*,
And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *clan*,
Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
And one another Clapper-clawing :
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a Spiritual *Mistique* sence,
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray, 's abominable ;
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use,
With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewels* :
Like modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
And mungrel *Christians* of our times,
That expiate less with greater *Crimes*,
And call the foul *Abomination*,
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
Is't not enough w're bruis'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked ;

Our Vessels, that are *sanctifi'd*,
Profan'd and *curri'd*, back and side;
 But we must claw our selves, with shameful,
 And Heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is *impious* because they did it.
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd
 A *heinous* sin. Now to the second,
 That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*
 To *swear* and *for swear* on occasion;
 I doubt not, but it will appear,
 With pregnant light. The *point* is clear.
Oaths are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*,
 Too feeble implements to *bind*;
 And hold with *deeds* proportion, so
 As *shadows* to a *substance* do.
 Then when they strive for *place*, 'tis fit
 The *weaker Vessel* should submit:

Although

Although your *Church* be opposite
To ours, as *Black Friars* are to *White*,
In *Rule* and *Order* : Yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint* ;
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a *Title* to :
But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
Know little of their *Priviledge* ;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own,
For if the *Dev'l*, to serve his turn,
Can tell *Truth* ; why the *Saints* should scorn
When it serves theirs, to *swear*, and *lie*,
I think, there's little reason why :
Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
W' are not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to *swear*.

But

But to swear idly, and in vain,
 Without self-interest or gain:
 For, breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
 Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
 A *Saint-like virtue*, and from hence,
 Some have broke Oaths by *Providence*:
 Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their words:
 And this, the constant *Rule and Practice*
 Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is,
 Was not the *Cause* at first begun
 With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?
 Was there an Oath the *Godly* took,
 But, in due time and place, they broke?
 Did we not bring our Oaths in first,
 Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter *models*, for
 The present use of *Church and War*?

Did,

Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*,
 Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
 For having freed us, first, from both
 Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremacy Oath*;
 Did they not, next, compeil the *Nation*,
 To take, and break the *Protestation*?
 To *swear*, and after to *recant*
 The *Solemn League and Covenant*?
 To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it?
 Did they not *swear* at first, to *fight*
 For the *KING's safety*, and *His Right*?
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with *Horse and Foot*?
 And yet still had the confidence,
 To swear it was in his *defence*?
 Did they not *swear* to *live and die*
 With *Essex*, and streight laid him by?

If that were all, for some have sworn
 As false as they, if th' did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
 In which that swearing made a Flaw
 For Protestant Religion Vow;
 That did that Vowing disallow
 For Priviledge of Parliament,
 In which that swearing made a Rent
 And, since, of all the three, not one
 Is left in being, tis well known
 Did they not swear, in expresse words,
 To prop and back the House of Lords?
 And afterwards out the whole House fold
 Of Peers, as dangrous, and unusefull
 So Cromwel with deep Oaths and Vowes
 Swore all the Comons out of th' House
 Vow'd that the said House would disband,
 I marry would they at their Command

And trould'em on, and *swore*, and *swore*, till
 Till th' Army turn'd 'em out of Door ;
 This tells us plainly, what they thought,
 That *Oaths* and *swearing* goes for nought,
 And that by them th' were onely meant,
 To serve for an *Expedient*.

What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
 But to flur men of what they fought for?
 The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none
 And if that go for nothing, why
 Should *Private Faith* have such a eye?

Oaths were not purpos'd more time *long*,
 To keep the Good and Just in *sw*,
 But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
 Like Moral Cattle in a *Pinfold*.
 A *saint*'s of th' heavenly Realm a *Par*,
 And as no *Par* is bound to *swear*,

But

But on the Gospel of his Honor,
 Of which he may dispose, as Owner;
 It follows, though the thing be *forgery*,
 And false, th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,
 But a mere *Ceremony*, and a breach
 Of nothing, but a form of speech,
 And goes for no more when 'tis took;
 Than mere *saluting* of the Book,
 Suppose the *Scriptures* are of force,
 They're but *Commissions* of Course,
 And *Saints* have freedom to digress,
 And vary *about* 'em as they please,
 Or misinterpret them, by *private*
Infractious, to all *ends* they drive at;
 Then why should we our selves abridge
 And Curtail our own *Privileges*?
 Quakers (that like to *Lawburns*, bear
 Their light within 'em) will not *swear*

Their Gospel is an *Accident*,
 By which they construe *Conscience*,
 And hold no sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking *Priscian's* head;
 (The Head and Founder of their Order,
 That stirring Hats held worse than murder)
 These thinking th' are obliged to
 In swearing, will not take any oath;
 Like Mules, who if th' have not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock still;
 But they are weak, and little know
 What Free-born Consciences may do
 'Tis the temptation of the Devil,
 That makes all humane actions evil;
 For *Saints* may do the same things by
 The Spirit, in Sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the Devils instance do;

And yet the Actions be contrary,
 Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary
 For as on land, there is no *Beast*,
 But in some *Fish* at Sea's express;
 So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
 Of which the *Saints* have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's *pious* in
 The one, in th' other is a *sin*.
 Is't not *Ridiculous*, and *Nonsense*,
 A *Saint* should be a slave to *Conscience*?
 That ought to be above such *Fancies*,
 As far, as above *Ordinances*,
 She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress,
 And though, like *Constables*, we search
 For false *Wares*, one anothers *Church*,
 Yet all of us hold this for true,
 No Faith is to the *wicked* due.

For Truth is Precious and Divine,
Too rich a Pearl for Carnal Swine.

Quoth *Hudibers*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those *Mysteries* and *Revelations*,
And therefore *Topical Evasions*
Of subtle *Turns*, and *Shifts* of sense,
Serve best with th' *Wicked* for pretence,
Such as the learned *Jesuits* use,
And *Presbyterians*, for excuse,
Against the *Protestants*, when th' happen
To find their *Church* waken napping.
As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,
And either way admits a *scruple*,
And may be *ex parte* of the *Maker*,
More criminal, than the injured *Taker*,
For he that strains too far a *Vow*,
Will break it like an o'er-bent *Bow*:

And

And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
 Not he that for convenience took it:
 A broken Oath is, *quatenus* Oath,
 As sound t' all purposes of Truth,
 As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worse,
 Nay till th' are broken, have no force,
 What's *Justice* to a man, or *Laws*,
 That never comes within their Claws?
 They have no pow'r, but to admonish,
 Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
 Until they're broken, and then touch
 Those only that do make them such.
 Beside, no *Engagement* is allow'd,
 By men in *Prison* made, for Good;
 For when they're set at liberty,
 They're from th' *Engagement* too, set free:
 The Rabbins write, when any Jew
 Did make to God, or Man, a Vow,

Which afterward he found untoward;
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
 Any three other Jews o' th' Nation,
 Might free him from the Obligation:
 And have not two Saints power to use,
 A greater Priviledge than three Jews;
 The Court of Conscience, which in Man
 Should be *supream* and *Soveraigns*;
 Is't fit, should be *subordinate*,
 To ev'ry petty Court i' th' State,
 And have less Power than the *lesser*
 To deal with *Perjury* at pleasure;
 Have it's proceedings disallow'd,
 Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-powder*;
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex officio*;
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken bedge,
 And Pigs unring'd

Discover Thievers, and Bawds, Recusants,
 Priests, Witches, Eves-droppers, and Nuisance,
 Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
 And who fill'd Pots of Ale but half full,
 And have no pow'r at all, nor Shift,
 To help it self at a dead list?
 Why should not Conscience have Vacation,
 As well as other Courts o' th' Nation?
 Have equal power to adjourn
 Appoint Appearance and Return?
 And make as nice distinctions serve
 To split a Case; as those that carve
 Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joints,
 Why should not tricks as slight, do points?
 Is not the High-Court of Justice sworn
 To judge that Law that serves their turn?
 Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoever they please on?

Cannot

Cannot the *Learned Council* there,
 Make Laws in any shape appear?
 Mould 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,
 When they make *Pictures* to destroy?
 And vex 'em into any form,
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack 'em until they do confess,
 Impeach of *Treason*, whom they please.
 And most perfidiously condemn,
 Those that engag'd their *Lives* for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience*?
 Can they not juggle, and, with slight
 Conveyance, play with *wrong* and *right*?
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
 As *Lapland Witches* bott'd *Air*?
 Will not *Fear*, *Favor*, *Bribe*, and *Grutch*,
 The same Cause several ways adjudge;

As Seamen with the self-same Gale
 Will sev'ral different courses sail;
 As when the Sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds;
 Those Banks and Dams, that like a Screen,
 Did keep it out, now keep it in:
 So when Tyrannic al Usurpation
 Invades the freedom of a Nation,
 The Laws o' th' Land that were intended
 To keep it out, are made defend it.
 Do's not in *Chancery* ev'ry man swear,
 What makes best for him in his Answer?
 Is not the winding up *Witnesses*,
 And nicking more than half the bus'ness?
 For *Witnesses*, like *Watchers*, go
 Just as they 're set, too fast or slow.
 And where in *Confessure*, th' are first laid;
 'Tis ten to one, that side is cast.

Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict* A
 As if they felt the *Cause* not heard it? W
 And as they please make *Matter of Fact* A
 Run all on one side, as th' are packt? A
 Nature has made Mains breast no *Windore*, T
 To publish what he does within doors; I
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit, O
 Unless his own rash folly blob it. I
 If *Oaths* can do a man no good, T
 In his own business, why they should T
 In other matters do him hurt, O
 I think there's little reason found I
 He that imposes an *Oath*, makes it I
 Not he, that for convenience takes it; I
 Then how can any man be said I
 To break an *Oath* he never made? I
 These *Professors* may perhaps look silly A
 To th' *Wicked*, though they evince the *Godly* T

But if they will not serve to *glory* in
My Honor, I am neer the near
Honor is like that glassy Bubble
That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,
Whose least pert crackt, the whole doth fly
And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why

Quoth *Ralph*, Honor's but a Word,
To swear by only in a Lord;
In other men 'tis but a puff
To vapour with, instead of proof
That like a *Van*, looks big and swell
Is senseless, and just nothing else

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the *World's* opinion still
But as Men are not *Vise* that run
The slightest hazard, they may shun
There may a *Medium* be found out
To clear to all the *World* the doubts

And

And that is, *What may do*
By *Prayer*, or *Substitute*.

Though nice, and dark the *Point* appear,
(*Quoth Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.
That *Stewards* may supply the place
Of suffering *Saints* is a plain Case.
Justice gives *Sentence*, many times,
On one man for another's *Crimes*,
Our Brethren of *Old-England* life
Choice *Malefactors* to exile;
And hang the *Outlaws* in their Road,
Of whom the *Churches* have less need.
As lately 't happen'd: in a Town,
There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
That out of *Dolline* could cure *Ufe*,
And mend mens *Lives*, as well as *Shoes*,
This precious *Brother* having slain,
In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*,

(Not out of *Malice* but mere *Zed* only not T
 Because he was an *Infidel*)
 The mighty *Tortipottymy*
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*
 Complaining sorely of the *Breach*
 Of *League*, held forth by *Brother Patch*,
 Against the *Articles* in force
 Between both *Churches*, his, and ours;
 For which he pray'd the *Saints* to render
 Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender*.
 But they manfully having weigh'd,
 They had no more but him o' th' *Trade*,
 (A man, that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to *Teach*, and *Cobble*)
 Resolv'd to spare him, yet to do
 The *Indian Hogben Moghan*
 Impartial justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old *Wrecker* that was *Bed-vid*

Then

Then wherefore may not you be skip'd so?
 And in your room another whip'd?
 For all *Philosophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
 Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, Quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Case*,
 And canst in *Conscience*, not refuse,
 From thy own *Dodrine*, to rattle *Use*:
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
 Be tender-Confid'd of thy back:
 Then strip thee of thy *Carat Jacket*,
 And give thy *drawn-fellow* a striking:
 For when thy *Wicket* is new hooped,
 All Leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.

Quoth *Ralph*, You mistake the matter,
 For in all *scruples* of this *Nature*,
 No man includes himself, nor turns
 The *Point* upon his own Concerns.

As no man of his own self catches
 The *Itch*, or amorous *French aches* :
 So no man does himself convince
 By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins*.
 And though all cry down *Self*, none means
 His own self in a *literal Sense*.
 Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,
 But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popish*,
 For one man, out of his own *Skin*,
 To frisk and whip another's *Sin* :
 As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches,
 Do claw and curry their own *Itches*.
 But in this Case it is profane,
 And sinful too, because in vain :
 For we must take our *Oaths* upon it,
 You did the deed, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon ;
 Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you:
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I see) to argue gainst the grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline men to,
What they're averſe themselves to do,
For when *Disputes* are wear'd out,
'Tis *Interest* ſtill reſolves the doubt.
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;
For ſo it is, how e'er you mince it,
As ere we part I ſhall evince it;
And *curry* (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your *ſubborn Leather*.
Canſt thou reſuſe to bear thy part,
I th' publick *Work*, baſe as thou art?

To higgie thus, for a few blows,
 To gain thy *Knight* an opulent *Sponse*?
 Whose *wealth* his *bowels* yern to purchase,
 Merely for th' Interest of the *Churches*;
 And when he has it in his claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*;
 Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmdgin*,
 If thou dispatch it without grudging:
 If not, resolve before we go,
 That you and I must pull a Crow.

Y' had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Antients*
 Say wisely, *Have a care o' th' main chance,*
And look before you ere you leap;
For, as you sow, you are like to reap.
 And were y' as good as *George a Green*,
 I shall make bold to turn *agen*;
 Nor am I doubtful of the *Issue*
 In a just *Quarrel*; and mine is so.

Is't fitting for a man of Honor,
 To whip the *Saints* like Bishop Bonner,
 A Knight t' usurp the *Beadles* Office,
 For which y' are like to raise brave *Trophies*;
 But I advise you (not for fear,
 But for your own sake) to forbear,
 And for the *Churches*, which may chance
 From hence, to spring a variance,
 And raise among themselves new *Scruples*,
 Whom common danger hardly couples.
 Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
 We still have worsted all your holy *Tricks*,
 Trappan'd your party with *Entregue*,
 And took your *Grandeers* down a peg,
 New-modell'd th' *Army*, and *Cashier'd*
 All that to *Legion S-M-E-C* adher'd,
 Made a mere *Utenfil* o' your *Church*
 And after left it in the lurch,

A Scaffold to build up our own,
 And when w' had done with't, pull'd it down.
 O'er-reach'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*
 And snap'd their *Cannons* with a *Why-not*.
 (Grave *Synod-men* that were rever'd
 For solid Face and depth of *Beard*)
 Their *Classique-model* prov'd a Maggot,
 Their *Directory* an *Indian Pagod*.
 And drown'd their *Discipline* like a Kitten,
 On which th' had been so long a sitting;
 Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
 Grown out of Date, and Obsolete,
 And all the *Saints* o' the first Grass,
 As Casting *Foles* of *Balam's Ass*.

At this the *Knight* grew high in Chafe,
 And staring furiously on *Kalpb*,
 He trembl'd and lookt pale with Ire,
 Like Ashes first, then Red as Fire.

Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for so many *Moons* lay'n by't;
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*:
Not but they thought me worth a *Ransom*,
Much more considerable and handsom,
But for their own sakes, and for fear,
They were not safe, when I was there?
Now to be baffl'd by a *Sconndrel*,
An upstart *Sett'ry* and a *Mungrel*,
Such as breed out of peccant humors
Of our own *Church*, like *Wens*, and *Tumors*
And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Would that which gave it life, devour.
It never shall be done, nor said:
With that he seiz'd upon his *Blade*.
And *Ralpho* too, as quick, and bold,
Upon his *Easket-bilt* laid hold,

With

With equal readines prepar'd
 To draw, and stand upon his Guard,
 When both were parted on the sudden,
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
 As of all sorts of Noise had been
 Contracted into one loud Din;
 Or that some Member to be chosen,
 Had got the odds above a Thousand;
 And by the greatness of his noise,
 Prov'd fittest for his Countreys choice,
 This strange surprisal put the Knight,
 And wrathful Squire into a fright;
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal,
 Impetuous rancour, to join Battel;
 Both though it was their wisest course,
 To wave the Fight, and mount to Horse;
 And to secure, by swift retreating,
 Themselves from danger of worse beating.

Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his Courage,
Which, made 'em stoutly keep their ground
With horror and disdain, wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear,
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish diff'rent noise
Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*,
And *Kettle Drums*, whose sullen *Dub*
Sounds like the hooping of a *Tub*:
But when the Sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique Show,
A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp*, and *State*,
Did proudest *Romans* emulate;
For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
For foes at *Training* overcome,
And not enlarging *Territory*,
(As some mistaken write in *Story*)

Being .

Being mounted in their best Aray,
 Upon a *Carre*, and who but they?
 And follow'd with a world of *Tall Lads*,
 That merry *Ditties* trol'd, and *Ballads*;
 Did ride, with many a good morrow,
 Crying, *hey for our Town* through the *Burrough*;
 So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,
 They might particulars descry.
 They never saw two things so Pat,
 In all respects, as this, and that.
 First he that led the *Cavalcate*,
 Wore a *Sowgelder's Flagellate*,
 On which he blew so strong a *Levet*,
 As well fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*.
 When over one another's heads.
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Suedes*
 Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all keys,
 From *Trebles* down to *double-Base*,

And

And; after them upon a Nag,
 That might pass for a forehead Stag,
 A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff,
 A Smock display'd, did proudly wave,
 Then *Bagpipes* of the loudest Drones,
 With snuffing broken-winded tones;
 Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the Gut,
 And make a viler noise than *Swine*
 In windy-weather, when they whine,
 Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
 Full fraught with that, which for good manners
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*
 Which he dispenc'd among the *Smains*,
 And busily upon the Crowd,
 At random round about bestow'd;
 Then mounted on a horned *Horse*,
 One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt-spurs*.

Ty'd

Ty'd to the *Pommel* of a long *Sword*,
 He held revert the point turn'd downward.
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,
 The Conqueror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
 And bore aloft before the *Champion*
 A *Petticoat* displaid, and *Rampant* ;
 Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
 Bestrid her *Beast*, and on the *Rump* on't
 Sate *Face* to *Tail*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,
 The *Warrier* whilome overcome ;
 Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,
 Which as he rode, she made him twist off ;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her *Shoulder*,
 Chastiz'd the *Reformado* Souldier.
 Before the *Dame*, and round about,
 March'd *Whiflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,
 With *Lacquies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,
 In fit and proper equipages ;

Of whom, some Torches bore, some Links, T
 Before the proud *Virago-Minx*, H
 That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*, V
 Like *Nero's Sparus*, or *Pope Jones*, T
 And at fit Periods the whole Rout
 Set up their throats with clam'rous shout,
 The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*
 Put up their Weapons, and their Ire;
 And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
 On such Sight, with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His *Animadversions*, for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now,
 I ne'er saw so prophane a *Show*.
 It is a *Paganish* invention,
 Which *Heathen* Writers often mention:
 And he, who made it, had read *Goodwin*
 (I warrant him) and understood him:

With

With all the *Gracians speeds and stomps* :
 That best describe those *Antient Shows*,
 And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*,
 We find describ'd by old *Historians*.
 For as a *Roman Conqueror*,
 That put an end to forrain *War*,
 Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,
 Bore a Slave with him, in his Chariot :
 So this insulting *Female Brave*,
 Carries behind her here, a *Slave*,
 And as the *Anoients* long ago,
 When they in field defy'd the foe,
 Hung out their *Mantles della Guer* ;
 So her proud *Standard-bearer* here,
 Waves, on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
 A *Tyrian-Petiscoat* for a *Banner* :
 Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
 Still born before the *Emperor* :

And as in *Antique Triumphs*, Eggs
Were born for mystical intregues;
There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries Eggs too, fresh or adle;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter;
For, all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of course,
When the *Grey Mares* the better *Horse*.
When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*,
Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*,
And in the cause impatient *Grizel*
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bulls Pizle*,
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
To turn her *Vassail* with a *Murrain*;
When *Wives* their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,
And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-Mares*,

And

And they in mortal *Battle* vanquish'd,
Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,
And by the right of *War*, like *Gills*,
Condemn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels* ;
For when men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,
Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense.

'Tis not the least disparagement,
To be defeated by th' event :
Not to be beaten by main *force*,
That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders, with *Batoon*,
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune ;
A *Taylers* Prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard :
But to turn *Tail*, or run away,
And without blows give up the Day ;

Or to surrender ere the *Assault*,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;
And renders men of *Honor* less
Than all th' *Adversity* of Success,
And only unto such this Shew
Of *Horns*, and *Petticoats*, is due.
There is a lesser *Profanation*,
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*.
For as *Ovation* was allow'd
For *Conquest*, purchas'd without blood,
So men decree those lesser Shows,
For *Vict'ry* gotten without blows.
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give *Battle* with, and overcome ;
These mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-stool*,
March proudly to the *River's* side,
And o'er the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride.
Like *Dukes of Venice*, who are sed The

The *Adriatique Sea* to wed,
 And have a gentler *Wife*, than those,
 For whom the *State* decrees those Shows;
 But both are *Heathenish* and come
 From th' *Whores* of *Babylon* and *Rome*,
 And by the *Saints* should be withstood,
 As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*,
 And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost *struglings* to prohibite.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rod,
 A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
 T' attack the *Leader*, and still prest,
 Till they approach'd him *breast to breast*.
 Then *Hudibras*, with face and hand,
 Made signs for *Silence*, which obtain'd :
 What means (quoth he) this dev'l's *Procession*
 With men of *Orthodox* profession?
 'Tis *Ethnique* and *Idolatrous*,
 From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.

Does not the Whore of *Babylon* ride
Upon her *Horned Beast* astride,
Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
A Type of her, or she of this?
Are things of Superstitious *function*,
Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sunshine*?
It is an *Antichristian Opera*,
Much us'd in midnight times of *Popery*;
A running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;
To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,
To whom the *Saints* are so beholding,
Women, who were our first *Apostles*,
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the *Cause* might be concern'd:
Brought in their Childrens *Spoons* and *Whistles*,
To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols*:

Their

Their Husbands, Cullies, and Sweet-hearts,
 To take the Saints and Churches parts;
 Drew several gifted Brethren in,
 That for the Bishops would have been,
 And fix'd them constant to the Party,
 With motives powerful and hearty:
 Their Husbands rob'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their Gifts;
 All they could rap, and run and pilfer,
 To scraps, and ends of Gold and Silver;
 Rub'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent,
 With holding forth for Parliament;
 Pamper'd and edifi'd their Zeal
 With Marrow-puddings many a Meal;
 Enabled them, with store of meat,
 On controverted Points to eat;
 And cram'd them till their guts did ache,
 With Cawdle, Custard, and Plum-cake.

What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *Cause* at *London* ?
March'd rank and file, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,
T' entrench the *City*, for defence, in ;
Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own soft hands,
To put the *Enemy* to stands ;
From *Ladies* down to *Oyster-wenches*,
Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
Fell to their *Pick-axes* and *Tools*,
And help'd the men to dig like *Moles* ?
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*,
Chosen o' their *Members* a *Committee* ?
For raising of a *Common-Purse*,
Out of their *Wages*, to raise *Horse* ?
And do they not as *Triers* sit,
To judge what *Officers* are fit ?
Have they——? At that at an *Egg*, let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,

And

And running down his Cheek, besmear'd,
 With Orange-tawny slime, his *Beard* :
 But *Beard*, and slime being of one Hue,
 The wound the less appear'd in view.
 Then he that on the *Panniers* rode,
 Let fly o' th' other side a load ;
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
 In *Ralpho's* face, another *Volley*.
 The *Knight* was startl'd with the smell,
 And for his sword began to feel :
 And *Ralpho* smother'd with the stink,
 Grasped his : when one that bore a *Link*,
 O' th' sudden, clap'd his flaming Cudgel,
 Like *Linstock*, to the Horse's touch-hole ;
 And streight another with his *Flambeaux*,
 Gave *Ralpho's*, o'er the eyes, a damn'd blow.
 The *Beasts* began to kick, and fling,
 And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.

Through which they quickly broke their way,
 And brought them off from further fray;
 And though disorder'd in Retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
 For quitting both their *swords* and *Rains*,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the *manes*;
 And to avoid the foes pursuit,
 With spurring put their Cattle to't,
 And till all four were out of windy
 And danger too, ne'r lookt behind.
 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying
 Their *spirits* spent with fight and flying,
 And *Hudibras* recruited force,
 Of Lungs, for *action* or *discourse*:

Quoth he, that man is sure to lose,
 That fouls his *hands* with dirty foes:
 For where no *honor's* to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd,

'Twas

Twas ill for us, we had to do
 With so dishonorable a Foe:
 For though the *Law of Arms* does bar
 The use of venom'd shot in *War*,
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,
 Their *Casse-shot* favours strong of *poison*;
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a *stinking breath*;
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not giv'n us such a brush.
 But as those *Pultrons* that sling dirt,
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
 So all the *Honor* they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave *Retreat*, without pursuit;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in *Triumph* led;

Than which, the *Ancients* held no State,
Of Man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
Do chance to reach the *Widows* ear,
It may, b'ing destin'd to assert
Her *Sex's Honor*, reach her heart;
And as such homely *Treats* (they say)
Portend good *fortune*, so this may,
Vespasian being dawb'd with dirt,
Was destin'd to the Empire for't;
And from a Scavenger did come
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*;
And why may not this foul Address
Prefage in Love the same success?
Then let us streight to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds*;
And after (as we first *design'd*)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

CANTO III.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

*The Knight with various doubts possess
To win the Lady, goes in Quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian,
To know the Destinies resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick
About the Science Astrologick.
Till falling from Dispute, to Fight,
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.*

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a Juglers flight;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his slight of hand.

Some

Some with a noise, and greasie light,
 Are snapt, as men catch *Larks* by night;
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
 As Noozes by the *legs* catch *Foul*.

Some with a *Medicine*, and *Receipt*,
 Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
 And though it be a two-foot *Tront*,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*;
 So sweet as *Lawyer* in his *Bar-gown*.
 Until, with subtle *Cobweb-cheats*,
 Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*;
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more th' re tangled;
 And while their *Purses* can dispute,
 There's no end of th' immortal *Suit*.

Others still gape t' anticipate
 The Cabinet designs of *Fate*,

Apply

Apply to *Wizards* to fore-see
 What shall, and what shall never be:
 And as those *Vulturs* do forebode,
 Believe Events prove *bad*, or *good*.
 A flim more senseless than the Roguery
 Of old *Aruspicy* and *Augury*.
 That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*,
 Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battle*;
 From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickins* pecking,
 Success of great st attempts would reckon;
 Though *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the *Stars* do fribble,
 This *Hudibras* by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew.
 For He, with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
 Being mounted on his *Steed* agen,
 (And *Ralpho* got a *Cock-horse* too
 Upon his *Beast*, with much ado)

Advanc'd on for the *Widows* house,
 T' acquit himself and pay his *Vows*;
 When various *thoughts* began to bustle,
 And with his inward man to juggle.
 He thought what *danger* might accrue,
 If she should find he *swore* untrue:
 Or, if his *Squire*, or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their *Tale*;
 It might at once the ruine prove
 Both of his *Honor*, *Faith*, and *Love*.
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*;
 And that he durst not now for shame
 Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.
 This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,
 To pass *time*, and uneasy *trot*.
 Quoth he, in all my past *Adventures*,
 I ne'er was set so on the *Tenters*,

Or

Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
That, every way I turn, does hem me;
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled *Wits* about :
For though the *Dame* has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted *Jail* :
Yet as a *Dog* committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his *Clog* ; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his *Chain*.
So though my *Ankle* she has quitted,
My *Heart* continues still committed.
And like a *Bayl'd* and *Main-priz'd* Lover,
Although at large, I am bound over.
And when I shall appear in *Court*,
To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't
Unless the *Judge* do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love* ?

For,

For, if in our account we vary,
 Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry,
 Or if she put me to strict proof,
 And make me pull my *Doublet* off,
 To shew by evident Record,
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word;
 How can I e'er expect to have her,
 Having demurr'd unto her favour?
 But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honor* lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Post*;
 Beside, that *Stripping* may prevent
 What I'm to prove by *Argument*;
 And justify I have a *Tail*,
 And that way too, my *proof* may fail.
 Or that I could enucleate,
 And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;
 Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
 How far the *Destinies* take my part;

For if I were not more than certain,
 To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,
 I'd go no farther in this *Courts*hip,
 To hazard *Soul*, *Estate*, and *Worship*.
 For though an *Oath* obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got,
 (As thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*
 And *sinful*, when men *swear* in *vain*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
 That deals in *Destinies* dark *Counsels*,
 And sage *Opinions* of the *Moon* sells;
 To whom all *People* far and near,
 On deep importances repair.
 When *Brass* and *Pewter* hap to stray,
 And *Linnen* slinks out of the way;
 When *Geese* and *Pullen* are seduc'd,
 And *Sows* of sucking *Pigs* are chews'd

When

When *Cattle* feel Indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of *Physitian*;
 When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs*, or *Sheep*,
 And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip*;
 When *Teast*, and outward means do *fail*,
 And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;
 When *Butter* does refuse to come,
 And *Love* proves *cross* and *humorsome* :
 To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,
 They for discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the *Saints*, have freedom,
 To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.

Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that :
 Those *Principles* I quoted late,
 Prove that the *Godly* may alledge
 For any thing their *Priviledge*;

And

And to the Dev'l himself may go,
 If they have *motives* thereunto.
 For as there is a *War* between
 The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
 If they, by subtle Stratagem,
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.
 Has not this present *Parliament*
 A *Legar* to the *Devil* sent,
 Fully empower'd to Treat about
 Finding revolted *Witches* out:
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hang'd threescore of them in one *Shire*?
 Some only for not being *drown'd*,
 And some for sitting above ground,
 Whole *days* and *nights* upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
 And some for putting *Knavish* tricks
 Upon *Green-Geese*, and *Turkey Chicks*,

Or *Pigs*, that suddenly deceast,
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;
 Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,
 And made a Rod for his own *broech*,
 Did not the Dev'l appear to *Martin*;
Luther, in *Germany*, for certain;
 And would have gull'd him with a *Trick*,
 But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
 Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge,
 At *Antwerp*, their Cathedral Church?
 Sing catches to the *Saints* at *Mafcon*,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*?
 And speak i' th' *Non* at *Londons* Belly?
 Meet with the *Parliament's* Committee
 At *Woodstock*, on a *Pars'nal* Treaty?
 At *Sarnum* take a *Cavalier*
 I' th' *Cause's* service, *Prisoner*?

As *Withers* in immortal *Time*
 Has register'd to after-time?
 Do not our great *Reformers* use
 This *Sidrophel* to forebode *News*?
 To write of *Victories* next year,
 And *Castles* taken yet i' th' *Air*;
 Of *Battels* fought at *Sea*, and *Ships*
 Sunk, two years hence, the last *Eclips*?
 A Total O'erthrow giv'n the *King*
 In *Cornwal*, *Horse*, and *Foot*, next *Spring*?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whats'er the close *Committee* would?
 Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cause*,
 The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*?
 The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
 Against the Book of *Common Pray'r*?
 The *Scorpion* take the *Protestation*,
 And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*?

Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
Compound, and take the *Covenant*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, The case is clear,
The *Saints* ma' imploy a *Conjurer*;
As thou hast provid'd it by their *practise*
No *Argument* like matter of fact is:
And we are best of all led to
Mens *Principles* by what they do.
Then let us strait advance in quest
Of this profound *Gymnosophist*:
And as the *Fates*, and *He* advise,
Pursue, or wave this *Enterprise*.
This said, he turn'd about his Steed,
And eftsoons on th' adventure rid,
Where, leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,
And to the *Conj'rer* turn our stile:
To let our *Reader* understand
What's useful of him, before hand,

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,
Opticks, *Philosophy*, and *Staticks*,
Magick, *Horoscopy*, *Astrology*,
 And was *old Dog* at *Physiology*;
 But, as a *Dog* that turns the spit,
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet,
 To climb the *Wheel*; but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again:
 And still he's in the self-same place,
 Where at his setting out he was.
 So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,
 Did he advance his nat'ral Parts;
 Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*;
 For as those *Fowls* that live in Water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter;
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear.

Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bod Grosted*,
Th' *Intelligible world* he knew,
And all, men dream on't, to be true :
That in this *World*, there's not a *Wart*,
That has not there a *Counterpart* ;
Nor can there on the *face* of *Ground*,
An *Individual Beard* be found,
That has not, in that foreign *Nation*,
A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
So cut, so color'd, and so curl'd,
As those are, in th' *Inferior World*.
H' had read *Dee's Prefaces* before
The *Dev'l*, and *Euclide* o'er and o'er.
And all th' *Intregues*, 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Lescus, and th' *Emperor*, would not tell ye,
But with the *Moön* was more familiar
Than e'er was *Almanack* well willer.

Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there:
Knew when she was in fittest mood,
For cutting *Corns*, or letting *blood* :
When for anointing *Scabs* and *Itches*,
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches* ;
When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be spade,
And in what Sign best *Sider's* made,
Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,
Best to set *Garlick*, or sow *Pease*.
Who first found out the *Man i' th' Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown ;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*,
Their *Airy Empire* : and command
Their sev'ral strengths by Sea and Land ;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, and what in private ;

With what Designs and Interests,
 Each Party manages Contests,
 He made an *Instrument* to know
 If the *Moon* shine at full or no,
 That would as soon as e'er she shon, strait
 Whether 'twere Day or Night demonstrate;
 Tell what her *Diameter* t' an Inch is,
 And prove she is not made of *Green Cheese*:
 It would demonstrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.

And that it is no *Dog*, nor *Bitch*,
 That stands behind him at his breech;
 But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*
 With *Arms* which Men for *Legs* mistake,
 How large a *Gulph* his Tail composes,
 And what a goodly *Bay* his Nose is;
 How many *German Leagues* by th' scale,
Cape-Snout's from *Promontary-Tail*:

He

He made a *Planetary Gin*,
Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,
And come o' purpose to be taken,
Without th' expence of Cheese or Bacon;
With *Lute-strings* he would counterfeit
Maggots, that crawl on dish of meat,
Quote Moles and Spots, on any place
O' th' body, by the *Index-face*:
Detect lost *Maidenheads*, by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of *Dames*, or pissing.
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
Of *Med'cines*, to th' *Imagination*.
Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and scare
With *Rimes* the *Tooth-ach* and *Catarrh*.
Chase evil *spirits* away by dint
Of *Cickle Horseshoe*, *Hollow-flint*.
Spit fire out of a *Walnut-shell*,
Which made the *Roman Slaves* rebell.

And

And fire a Mine in *China*, here,
 With Sympatherick Gunpowder.
 He knew what's ever's to be known,
 But much more than he knew, would own,
 What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelsus*
 Could make a man with, as he tells us,
 What figur'd *slats* are best to make,
 On wat'ry surface, *Duck* or *Drake*.
 What *Bowling-stones*, in running race
 Upon a *Board*, have swiftest pace.
 Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black
 List of a *Dapl'd Louse's* back,
 If *systole* or *Diastole* move
 Quickest, when he's in wrath, or love:
 When two of them do run a race,
 Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*,
 How many scores a *Flea* will jump,
 Of his own length, from Head to Rump;

Which *Socrates*, and *Chærephon*
 In vain, essay'd so long ago;
 Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,
 And not an Elephant's *Proboscis*,
 How many different *Specieses*
 Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheese,
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engendred in a *Chandler's* nose.
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*;
 A poultry Wretch, he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of *Zany* serv'd;
 Hight *Whachum*, bred to dash and draw,
 Not *Wine*, but more unwholesome *Lew*:
 To make 'twixt words and lines, huge gaps,
 Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
 To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think;

From

From this, by merited degrees,
 He to more high Advancement rise :
 To be an Under-*Conjurer*,
 Or Journy-man *Astrologer* :
 His business was to pump and wheedle,
 And Men with their own keys unriddle,
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the *Necromancers*,
 To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all *Discoveries* disperse,
 Among th' whole pack of *Conjurers* ;
 What *Cutpurses* have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem ;
 And, what they dare not vend, find out,
 To gain themselves, and th' *Art*, repute.
 Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,
 Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers Shops*.

Of Thieves *ascendent* in the *Cart*,
 And find out all by rules of *Art*.
 Which way a Serving-man that's run
 With Cloaths or Mony away, is gone;
 Who pick'd a *Fob*, at *Holding-forth*,
 And where a *Watch*, for half the worth,
 May be redeem'd; or Stolen Plate
 Restor'd, at Conscionable rate.
 Beside all this, he serv'd his *Master*
 In quality of *Poetaster*:
 And *Rimes* appropriate could make,
 To ev'ry month i' th' *Almanack*.
 When *Terms* begin, and end, could tell,
 With their *Returns*, in *Doggerel*.
 When the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,
 And *songelder*, with safety cuts.
 When Men may Eat and Drink their fill,
 And when be temp'rate if they will.

When

When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
 And as in *Prisons*, mean Rogues beat
Hemp, for the service of the Great;
 So *Whachum* beat his dirty brains,
 T' advance his Masters Fame and Gains;
 And like the Devil's *Oracles*,
 Put into *Dogrel-Rimes* his *Spells*,
 Which over ev'ry months blank-page
 I th' *Almanack*, strange *Bilks* presage.
 He would an *Elegy* compose
 On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose;
 In *Lyrick* numbers write an *Ode* on
 His *Mistriss*, eating a *Black-pudden*:
 And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
 It put him with *Poetick Rapture*:
 His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal troul'd aloud;

That,

That, circl'd with his long-ear'd Guests,
 Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beasts,
 A *Carmen's* Horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to *Poetry*,
 No Porter's *Burthen* past along,
 But serv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
 Each Windore, like a *Pill'ry* appears,
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears,
 All Trades run in as to the fight
 Of Monsters, or their dear delight;
 The *Gallow-tree*, when cutting Purse,
 Breeds bus'ness for *Heroick* Verse,
 Which none does bear, but would have hung
 T've been the *Theme* of such a Song.
 Those two together long had liv'd,
 In *Mansion* prudently contriv'd;
 Where neither Tree, nor House could bar
 The free detection of a *Saw*;

And nigh an *Antient Obelisk*
 Was rais'd by him, found out by *Firk*,
 On which was written, not in words,
 But *Hieroglyphick* Mute of *Birds*,
 Many rare pithy Saws concerning
 The worth of *Astrologick* Learning:
 From top of this there hung a *Rope*,
 To which he fastned *Telescope*;
 The *Speſtacles*, with which the Stars
 He reads in ſmalleſt *Characters*.
 It hapned as a *Boy*, one night,
 Did fly his *Tarſel* of a *Kite*,
 The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,
 That like a *Bird of Paradise*,
 Or *Heralds* *Martlet*, has no *legs*,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lay *Eggs*;
 His *Train* was ſix yards long, milk-white,
 At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,

Enclos'd

Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
 That far off like a *Star* did appear.
 This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,
 And with Amazement staring wide,
 Bless us, quoth he, What dreadful wonder
 Is that, appears in *Heaven* yonder?
 A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*;
 Or *Star*, that ne'er before appear'd;
 I'm certain, 'tis not in the *Scroll*,
 Of all those *Beasts*, and *Fish*, and *Fowl*,
 With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
 The Learned stock the *Constellations*:
 Nor those that drawn for *signs* have bin,
 To th' *Houses* where the *Planets* Inn.
 It must be supernatural,
 Unless it be that *Cannon-Ball*,
 That, shot in th' *Air*, point-blank, upright,
 Was born to that prodigious height,

That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,
It ne'er came backwards, down agen;
But in the *Aery Region* yet,
Hangs like the Body o' *Mahomet*.
For if it be above the Shade,
That by the *Earths* round bulk is made,
'Tis probable, it may, from far,
Appear no Ballet but a Star.

This said, He to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it, till it levell'd right,
Against the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite*.
Then peeping through, (*Bless us*, quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I see;
And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*.
It should be *Saturn*: yes 'tis clear:
'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes him there?

He's

He's got between the *Dragon's Tail*,
 And farther leg behind, o' th' *Whale*;
 Pray *Heaven*, divert the fatal Omen,
 For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common,
 And can no less than the *Worlds* end,
 Of *Natures* funeral portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Through *Perspective* more wistfully,
 When by mischance, the fatal string
 That kept the *Tow'ring Fowl* on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the *Star*: Well shot,
 Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a *Star*, and hit it:
 But *Sidrophel* more suble-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful,
 Portent is this, to see a *Star* fall;
 It threatens *Nature*, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come.

When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The *Day of Judgment's* not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sidgwick*,
 And some of us find out by *Magick*,
 Then, since the time we have to live,
 In this *world's* shortned, Let us strive,
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out, not long before
 The *Knight* upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,
 Was now in prospect of the *Mansion*,
 Whom he discovering, turn'd his *Glass*,
 And found far off, 'twas *Hudibras*.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder; some
 To try, or use our Art, are come:
 The one's the Learned *Knight*; seek out,
 And pump 'em, what they come about.

Whachum

Whachum advanc'd with all submissness,
T' accost 'em; but much more, their bus'ness.
He held the Stirrup, while the *Knight*,
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,
And taking from his hand, the Bridle,
Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle,
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might say*:
He ask'd them whence they came, and whither
Their business lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;
Did you not lose —? Quoth *Ralpho*, Nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way,
Your *Knight* — Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover*,
And pains intollerable doth suffer,
For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor Lights nor Lungs, and so forth downwards,
What time — Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir too long,
Three years it off and on, has hung —

Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis.
 Quoth *Kalpho*, between seven and eight 'tis.
 Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my small *Art*
 Tells me, the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
 Or great *Estate*—— Quoth *Ralph*, a *Joynter*,
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
 Mean while the *Knight* was making water,
 Before he fell upon the matter ;
 Which having done, the *Wizard* steps in,
 To give him a suitable Reception ;
 But kept his bus'ness at a *Bay*,
 Till *Whachum* put him in the way.
 Who having now by *Kalpho's* light,
 Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*,
 And what he came to know, drew near,
 To whisper in the *Conjurers* ear.
 Which he prevented thus : What was't
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,

Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd?

Quoth *Vvhachum*, *Venus* you retriv'd,

In opposition with *Mars*,

And no benigne friendly Stars

T' allay th' effect. Quoth *VVizard*, So!

In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Vvhachum*, No.

Has *Saturn* nothing to do in't?

One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.

'Tis well, quoth he—— Sir you'll excuse

This rudeness, I am forc'd to use,

It is a *Scheme*, and face of *Heaven*

As the *Aspects* are dispos'd, this *Even*,

I was contemplating upon,

When you arriv'd: but now I've done.

Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear

Unseasonable in coming here

At such a time, to interrupt

Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd

Assistance from, and come to use,
Tis fit that I ask your excuse;

By no means, Sir, Quoth *Sidrophel*,
The Stars your coming did foretel :
I did expect you here, and know,
Before you speak, your bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*,
Quoth, he, that does not greatly heed you;
And three years has rid your *Wit*
And *Passion* without drawing *Bit* :
And now your bus'ness is, to know
If you shall carry her, or no.

Quoth *Hudibras*, you're in the right,
But how the *Devil* you come by't,

I can't

I can't imagine; for the *Stars*
 I'm sure, can tell no more than a *Horse*,
 Nor can their *Aspects* (though you pore
 Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
 Than the *Oracle* of *Sive* and *Sheers*,
 That turns as certain as the *Spheres*;
 But if the *Devils* of your Counsel,
 Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*,
 And 'tis on this accompt I come,
 To know from you my fatal Doom.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose,
 Sir *Knight*, that I am one of those,
 I might suspect, and take the *Alarm*,
 Your bus'ness is but to inform,
 But if it be; 'tis ne'er the near,
 You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear*,
 For I assure you, for my part,
 I only deal by *Rules of Art*,

Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of *Astrology*:

But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defie him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye
I understand your *Metonymie* ;
Your words of second hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The Mystick sense of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raise the *Devil*, and mean one thing,
And that is, down-right *Conjuring* :
And in its self more warrantable,
Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont
To make her from her Sphere dismount,

And

And to their *Incantations* stoop,
 They scorn'd to pore through *Telescope*,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy, or fair weather,
 Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell,
 Perhaps, as learnedly, and well,
 As you your self—— Then friend I doubt
 You go the farthest way about.

Your Modern *Indian Magician*
 Makes but a hole i' th' Earth to piss in,
 And streit resolves all Questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i'th' right,
 The *Rosy-crucian* way's more sure,
 To bring the Devil to the Lure,
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral Gin,
 To catch *Intelligences* in.

Some by the *Nose* with fumes trappan 'um,
 As *Dunstan* did the Devil's Grannum.

Others

Others with *Characters* and *Words*,
 Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*,
 And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
 Engrav'd in *Planetary* Nicks,
 With their own influences, will fetch 'em,
 Down from their Orbs, arrest and catch 'em;
 Make 'em depose, and answer to
 All *Questions*, e'er they let them go.

Bumbastus, kept a *Devil's Bird*
 Shut in the Pommel of his Sword,
 That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
 Of past and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his Feats upon
 The Devil's *Looking-Glass*, a *Stone*,
 Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*,
 He solv'd all *Problems* ne'er so deep.

Agrippa kept a *Stygian-Pug*,
 I th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,

That was his *Tutor*; and the *Curr*
Read to th' occult *Philosopher*,
And taught him subrly to maintain
All other *Sciences* are vain.

To this, quoth *Sidrophello*, Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behman*;
Nor was the *Dog* a *Cacodemon*,
But a true *Dog*, that would shew tricks
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil,
Than other *Dogs*, but yet no *Devil*;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go:
As for the *Rosie-cross* *Philosophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorcerers*,
What they pretend to, is no more,
Than *Trismegistus* did before,

Pythagoras

Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,
 And Appollonius their Master;
 To whom they do confess they ow,
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas what is't to us,
 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus:
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystick,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistick.
 'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,
 That makes truth truth, although time's daughters
 'Twas he that put her in the Pir,
 Before he pull'd her out of it.
 And as he eats his Sons, just so
 He feeds upon his Daughters too.
 Nor do's it follow, cause a Herald
 Can make a Gentleman scarce a year old,
 To be descended of a Race,
 Of ancient Kings in a small space;

That

That we should all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of prudence, to cry down an Art;
And what it may perform, deny
Because you understand not why.

(As *Averrhois* play'd but mean trick,
To damn our whole Art for Excentrick)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the Tops of Mountains,
But on their sides, or rising's seat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height,
Do not the Histories of all Ages
Relate miraculous presages,
Of strange turns in the World's affairs,
Foreseen b' *Astrologers*, *Soothsayers*,
Chaldeans, Learn'd *Concubines*,
And some that have writ *Almanacks*?

The Median Emperour dreamt, his Daughter,
 Had pist all *Asia* under water,
 And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *hanches*,
 O'erspread his *Empire*, with its branches,
 And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,
 As after by th' event he found it
 When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell,
 Did not the Sun-eclipse'd foretell,
 And in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look'd pale for almost a year after
Augustus having, b' oversight,
 Put on his left Shoe, 'fore his right,
 Had like to have been slain that day,
 By *Soldiers* mutining for pay,
 Are there no myriads of this sort,
 Which Stories of all times report?
 Is it not ominous in all *Countries*,
 When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?

The Roman Senate, when within
 The City-walls an Owl was seen,
 Did cause their Clergy with *Exhortations*,
 (Our Synod calls *Humiliations*,)
 The round-fac'd *Prodigy* to avert
 From doing Town or Country hurt.
 And if an Owl have so much pow'r,
 Why should not Planets have much more?
 That in a Region, far above
 Inferior fowls of th' Air, move,
 And should see farther, and fore-know,
 More than their *Angury* below:
 Though that once serv'd the *Polity*
 Of mighty States to govern by;
 And this is that we take in hand,
 By pow'rful *Art* to understand.
 Which, how we have perform'd, all Ages
 Can speak th' *Events* of our presages,

Have we not lately in the *Moon*
 Found a *New World* to th' old unknown?
 Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
 And *Magellan* could never compass?
 Made *Mountains*, with our *Tubes*, appear
 And *Cattle* grazing on 'em there?

Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie so open
 That I, without a *Telescope*,
 Can find your *Tricks* out, and descry
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie.
 For *Anaxagoras* long ago,
 Saw *Hills*, as well as you i' th' *Moon*,
 And held the *Sun* was but a piece
 Of *Red-hot-Ir'n* as big as *Greece*;
 Believ'd the *Heavens* were made of *Stars*,
 Because the *Sun* had voided one;
 And rather than he would recant
 Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd *Banishment*.

But

But what, alas, what is't to us,
 Whether i' th' *Moon*, men thus, or thus,
 Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their *Corns*,
 Or whether they have *Tails* or *Horns* ?
 What *Trade* from thence can you advance
 But what we nearer have from *France* ?
 What can our *Travellers* bring home,
 That is not to be learnt at *Rome* ?
 What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,
 That are not in our own *Dominions* ?
 What Science can be brought from thence,
 In which we do not here Commence ?
 What Revelations, or Religions,
 That are not in our Native *Regions* ?
 Are sweating *Laniborns*, or *Screen-Fans*
 Made better there, than th' are in *France* ?
 Or do they teach to sing and play
 O' th' *Gittarr* there a newer away ?

Can they make *Plays* there, that shall fit
 The *Publick Humor* with less *Wit*?
 Write *wittier Dances*, quainter *Shows*,
 Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
 Or does the Man i'th' *Moon* look big,
 And wear a huger *Periwig*,
 Shew in his Gate, or Face, more tricks
 Than our own *Native Lunaticks*?
 But if w' out-do him here at home,
 What good of your design can come?
 As *wind* i' th' *Hypochondrias* pent
 Is but a blast if downward sent;
 But if it upwards chance to fly,
 Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*
 So when our *Speculations* tend,
 Above their just and useful end,
 Although they promise strange and great,
Discoveries of things far fet,

They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
 And favor strongly of the *Ganzas*,
 Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
 Why on a *Sign*, no *Painter* draws
 The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*,
 Resolve that with your *Jacobs-staff*;
 Or why *wolves* raise a *Hubbub* at her,
 And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water;
 And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
 You may know something more remote.

At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
 And staring round with *Owl-like* Eies,
 He put his face into a posture
 Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster;
 For having three times shook his head
 To stir his wit up, thus he said,

Art has no mortal enemies
 Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;

Those Consecrated Geese in Orders,
That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*;
And being then upon *Petrol*
With noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.
Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;
Or any Science understand,
Beyond the reach of Eye, or Hand :
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold, Nothing's to be known.
Those whole-sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-*
Houses, cry down all *Philosophy*.
And will not know, upon what ground
In *Nature*, we our *doctrine* found ;
Although with pregnant evidence,
We can demonstrate it to sence.
As I just now have done to you,
Fortelling what you came to know,

Were

Were the *Stars* only made to light
 Robbers and Burglars by night?
 To wait on *Drunkards, Thieves, Gold-finders,*
 And *Lovers* solacing behind *Dores*?
 Or giving one another Pledges
 Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?
 Or *Witches* *simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
 Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets?
 Or from the *Pillory* tips of Ears
 Of Rebel-Saints, and Perjurers?
 Only to stand by and look on,
 But not know what is said or done?
 Is there a *Constellation* there,
 That was not born and bred up here?
 And therefore cannot be to learn,
 In any inferior Concern.
 Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of 'em *Pirats, Whores, and Thieves*?

And is it like they have not still
 In their old *Prædices* some skill?
 Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
 Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*?
 And therefore probably must know
 What is, and hath been done below?
 Who made the *Ballance*, or whence came
 The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?
 Did not we here, the *Argo* rigg
 Make *Berenice's Periwig*?
 Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?
 Or who made *Cassiopea's Chair*?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, The *World* can be
 Govern'd without *Geometry*,
 (For *Mony* b'ing the common *Scale*
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale;

In all th' affairs of *Church* and *State*,
 Tis both the *Ballance* and the *Weight*;) 102
 Then much less can it be without
 Divine *Astrology* made out,
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as *Heaven's* above *Earth*.

These reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
 Are something more significant
 Than any that the *Learned* use,
 Upon this *subject* to produce;
 And yet, th' are far from satisfactory
 T' establish and keep up your *Faſſory*.
 The *Egyptians* say, The *Sun* has twice
 Shifted his *ſetting* and his *riſe*;
 Twice has he riſen in the *West*,
 As many times ſet in the *East*;
 But whether that be true, or no,
 The *Devil* any of you know.

Some

Some hold, the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
 Are kept by *Circulation* up ;
 And 'twere not for their wheeling round,
 They'd instantly fall to the ground :
 As sage *Empedocles* of old,
 And from him *Modern* Authors old,
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,
 Below all other *Planets* run.
 Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat
 Above the *Sun* himself in height,
 The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
 'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
 That in Twelve hundred years, and odd,
 The *Sun* had left his antient Road,
 And nearer to the Earth, is come
 'Bove Fifty thousand miles from home :
 Swore 'twas a most notorious *Flam*,
 And he that had so little Shame

To vent such *Fopperies* abroad,
 Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd;
 Which Monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,
 That durst upon a *truth* give doom,
 He knew less than the Pope of *Rome*.
Cardan believ'd, Great States depend
 Upon the tip o' th' *Bears* Tails end;
 That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
 Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down;
 Which others say must needs be false,
 Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.
 Some say, the *Zodiack-Constellations*
 Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
 Above a *Sign*; and prove the same,
 In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*;
 Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
 The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd;

Then

Then how can their *effects* still hold
 To be the same they were of old.
 This, though the *Art* were true, would make
 Our Modern *Soothsayers* mistake;
 And is one cause they tell more lies,
 In *Figures* and *Nativities*,
 Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand years;
 Beside their Nonsense in translating,
 For want of *Accidence* and *Latine*.
 Like *Idus* and *Calendæ* English't
 The *Quarter-days*, by skilful Linguist,
 And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
 Make Fools believe in their fore-seeing
 Of things before they are in Being;
 To swallow *Gudgeons* ere th' are catch'd,
 And count their *Chickens* ere th' are hatch'd,
 Make

Make them the *Constellations* prompt,
 And give 'em back their own accomp^{ts};
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for't, or best believes.
 Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some, for brevity,
 Have cast the Versal World's *Nativity*;
 And made the Infant-Stars confes,
 Like Fools or Children, what they please:
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*,
 Some *Running Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks*;
 Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pox*;
 Some take a measure of the lives
 Of *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Husbands* *Wives*,
 Make *Opposition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*;
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile,
 As if the *Planet's* first aspect
 The tender Infant did infect

In *Soul* and *Body*, and instill
 All future good, and future ill :
 Which, in their dark fatalities lurking,
 At destin'd Periods fall a working ;
 And break out like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases into deeds,
 In Friendships, Enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of Life :
 No sooner does he peep into,
 The *World*, but he has done his do,
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Physick* ;
 That cures, or kills a man that is sick ;
 Marry'd his punctual dose of *Wives*,
 Is Cuckolded, and Breaks, or Thrives,
 There's but twinkling of a *Star*
 Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,
 A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
 A huffing *Officer* and a *slave*,

A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
 A great *Philosopher* and a *Blockhead*,
 A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
 A learn'd *Physician* and *Man-slayer*.
 As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old-age, *Diseases*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, and *Dice*;
 And draw with the first Air they breath,
Battel, and *Murder*, *Sudden Death*.
 Are not these fine Commodities,
 To be imported from the Skies?
 And vended here among the Rable,
 For staple Goods, and warrantable?
 Like Mony by the *Druids* borrow'd,
 I' th' other *World* to be restor'd.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
 You wrong the *Art* and *Artists* too:

Since

Since Arguments are lost on those
That do our *Principles* oppose;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you
What you perhaps forget, besel you;
By way of *Horary* inspection,
Which some accompt our worst erection:
With that, He *Circles* draws, and *Squares*
With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters*;
Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,
Although set down *Hab-nab*, at random.

Quoth he, This *Scheme* o' th' Heavens set
Discovers how in fight you met
At *Kingston* with a *Maypole Idol*,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well;
And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat you at *Brentford Fair*;

Where

Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle;
 And handl'd you like a *Fop-doodle*.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
 You are no *Conjurer*, b' your leave,
 That *Pauline* story is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such *Gulls* as you.
 Not true, quoth he, How e'er you vapor,
 I can, what I affirm, make appear;
Whackum shall justify 't to your face,
 And prove he was upon the place:
 He play'd the *Saltinbanco's* part,
 Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my Art,
 He stole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket;
 Chews'd, and Caldes'd ye like a Block-head:
 And what you lost I can produce
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe,
 That Argument's *Demonstrative*;

Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
 A *Constable* to seize the Wretches:
 For though th' are both false *Knaves* and *Cheats*,
Impostors, *Juglers*, *Counterfets*,
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
 As true, as e'er were us'd by *Brick-layers*;
 They 're guilty by their own *Confessions*,
 Of *Felony*; and at the *Sessions*
 Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,
 That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*
 Shall make all *Taylor's Yards*, of one
 Unanimous opinion:

A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt,
 To find friends, that will bear me out:
 Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
 And Neck, so long on the *States* part,

To

To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer,
By which a *Braghadochio* Huffer.

Huffer, quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
Shall down thy false throat; Cram that word;
Ralpho, make haste, and call an Officer,
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,
Lest he and *Whachum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect,
A *Figure* worse portending far,
Than that of most malignant *Star*:
Believ'd it now the fittest moment,
To shun the danger that might come ou't;
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whachum*, two to one;
This being resolv'd, He spy'd by chance,
Behind the *Dore*, an *Iron Lance*,

That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,
 And Legs, and Loyns, and Shoulders bord.
 He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass,
 To make his way through *Hudibras*.
Whackum had a Fire-Fork,
 With which he vow'd to do his Work.
 But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his Guard.
 He put by *Sidrophello's* thrust,
 And in, right manfully, he rusht,
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.
Whackum his Seacole-Prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to fly.
 But *Hudibaas* gave him a twitch
 As quick as Lightning in the Breech.
 Just in the place, where *Honor's* lodg'd,
 As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd;

Because

Because a kick in that part more
Hurts *Honor*, than deep wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine
You are my Prisoners, base Vermine.
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know, foretel?
By this, what Cheats you are, we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind:
Your Lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his Honor would defile,
To take, or sell two lives so vile;
I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*,
The Conqu'ring Warriour's *Crop* and *Tillage*,
Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;
That mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.

This said, in haste he fell
To romaging of *Sidrophel*.

First, He expounded both his Pockets,
 And found a *Watch*, with *Rings* and *Locketts*,
 Which had been left with him, t' erect
 A *Figure* for, and so detect,
 A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
 Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
 Of *Booker's*, *Lillie's*, *Sarah Jimmers*,
 And *Blank-Schemes* to discover *Nimmers*;
 A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napier's bones*,
 And several *Constellation-Stones*,
 Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,
 That over *Mortals* had strange powers
 To make 'em thrive in *Law*, or *Trade*;
 And stab, or poyson, to evade;
 In *Wit*, or *Wisdom* to improve,
 And be victorious in *Love*.
Whachum had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,
 His *Plunder* was not worth the while;

All which the Conqueror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.

But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks,
As *Rota-men* of *Politicks*,
Streight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conqueror with a fetch,
And make him glad, (at least) to quit
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,
Before the *Secular Prince* of *Darkness*
Arriv'd to seize upon his *Carkass*.

And, as a *Fox*, with hot pursuit,
Chac'd through a *Warren*, cast about
To save his credit, and among
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung;
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting *Death*)
Not out of *Cunning*, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* jostling in his *Brain*,

As learn'd *Philosophers* give out;
So *Sidropkello* cast about,
And fell to's wanted *Trade* again,
To feign himself in earnest *lain*,
First, stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his Breast to smother,
A broken Sigh; Quoth he, Where am I,
Alive, or Dead? Or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now, I thought my self i' th' *Moon*;
And that a *Monster* with huge *Whiskers*,
More formidable than a *Switzers*,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And *Whachum* by my side, had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our *Hose*,
And plunder'd all we had to lose;
Look there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through.

And

And there lies *Whachum* by my side,
 Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd;
 Oh! Oh! with that he fetch'd a *Grane*,
 And fell again into a swoon.
 Shut both his Eyes, and stop't his Breath,
 And, to the Life, out-acted Death,
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
 He held it now no longer safe,
 To tarry the return of *Ralph*;
 But rather leave him in the *Lurch*;
 Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
 Refus'd to give himself one firke,
 To carry on the *Publick work*,
 Despis'd our *Synod-men* like Durt,
 And made their Discipline his sport;
 Divulg'd the secrets of their *Glasses*,
 And their *Conventions* prov'd *High Places*;

Disparag'd their *Tith-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,
 And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon*;
 Rail'd at their *Covenant*, and jeer'd
 Their rev'rend *Parsons* to my *Beard*,
 For all which *Scandals* to be quit,
 At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit.
 I'll make him henceforth, to beware,
 And tempt my fury, if he dare:
 He must (at least) hold up his hand,
 By twelve *Free-holders* to be scan'd,
 Who by their skill in *Palmistry*,
 Will quickly read his *Destiny*,
 And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,
 Or take a turn fort at the *Session*:
 Unless his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer,
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
 For if he scape with *Whipping* now,
 'Tis more than he can hope to do,

And

And that will disingage my *Conscience*,
Of th' *Obligation*, in his own sense.
I'll make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honor* satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*,
This being resolv'd with equal speed,
And *Conduct*, he approach'd his *Steed*;
And with *Activity* unwont,
Essay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry*,
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free;
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.

AN

AN

HEROICAL EPISTLE

OF

HUDIBRAS

TO

SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus

Ell *Sidrophel*, though 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your Crazy Brain,
 Without Trepanning of your Scull,

As often as the *Moon's* at *Full* :

'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,

To try one desp'rate Med'cine more :

For

For where your Case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible, that you, whose Ears
Are of the Tribe of *Iffachars*,
And might (with equal Reason) either
For Merit, or extent of Leather,
With *William Pryn's*, before they were
Retrench'd, and Crucifi'd compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the Publick Voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry croud.
As loud as one that sings his part.
T' a Wheel-barrow or Turnip Cart,——
Or your new Nicknam'd old Invention,
To cry Green Hastings with an Engine.
(As if the vehemence had stun'd,
And torn your Drum-heads with the sound)

And

And 'cause your Folly's now no news,
But over-grown and out of use.
Persuade your self there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature,
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears.
For who but you could be possess'd
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,
That neither all mens Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being Laugh'd and Pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a Morter,
Can teach you wholesome Sense, and Nurture?
But (like a Reprobate) what course
Sever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattle, do you good?
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurse,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,

Put you into a way, at least,
To make your self a better Beast ?
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying sound from rotten Eggs ;
Your several Newfound Remedies,
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees ;
Your *Arts* of *Fluxing* them from *Claps*,
And Purging their infected *saps*,
Recov'ring Shankers, Chrystallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rindes,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate,
But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Punishment—— ?
And like your whimsey'd Chariots draw
The Boys to course you without Law ?
As if the Art you have so long
Profest, of making old *Dogs* young,

In you had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that understand all Books
By Judging only with your Looks,
Resolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with B's, and A's,
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With solid bending of your Brows,
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With screwing of your Countenance,
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry,
Know more of any Trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't,
And yet have no Art true, or false
To help your own bad Naturals?
But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder.

For

For Fools are known by looking wise.
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eies.
Hence 'tis, that 'cause y' have gain'd o'th' *Colledge*,
A Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent Repute,
Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute
To Judge and Censure, and Controll,
As if you were the sole Sir *Poll*
And saucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to,
You'll find the thing will not be done,
With Ignorance, and Face alone:
No though y' have purchas'd to your Name,
In History so great a Fame,
That now your Talent's so well known,
For haying all Belief outgrown;
That ev'ry strange Prodigious Tale
Is measur'd by your *German Scale*,—

By which the *Virtuosi* try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Ly,
Cast up to what it does amount :
And place the big'st to your account.
That all those stories that are lai'd
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.
Alas that Faculty destroys
Those soonest, it designs to raise.
And all your vain Renown will spoil,
As Guns o're-charg'd the more recoyl.
Though he that has but Impudence
To all things has a fair Pretence
And put among his wants, but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than Publique Scorn ;

That

That all affronts do still give Place
To your Impenetrable Face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs,
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit and Brass
You must not think 'twill always pass
For all Impostors, when they'r known,
Are past their Lat'or, and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Madmen find, as soon
As once th' are broke loose from the Moon
And proof against her Influence,
Relapse to ere so little Sense
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit
For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.



Annotations

TO THE

SECOND PART.

But now t' observe, &c.

THe beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written of purpose, in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV Book of his *Æneides* in the very same manner, *At Regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the power of the Critick.

A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat.

This History of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop his Country-man, who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice.

King

King *Pyrrhus* cur'd hi Splenetick,
And testy Courtiers with a kick.

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, who as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Fede tacitū Lienosis medebatur.* L. 7. C. 11.

In close Catasta shut, &c.

Catasta is but a pair of Stocks in English, But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of poultry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import forrain words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made *St. Francis* do, &c.

The antient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Erantry, and as in the one, they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sortish way of describing them: So they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon *St. Francis*.

This made the beautious Queen of *Crete*.

The History of *Pasiphaë* is common enough, only this may be observ'd, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to father

it, as appears by the Name, perhaps because the Countrey being an Island, he was within the four Seas, when the Infant was begotten.

As your own Secretary *Albertus*.

Albertus Magnus was a Sweedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

Unless it be to squint and laugh.

Pliny in his *Natural History* affirms that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Pterum*. Lib. 2.

As Fryer Bacon's Noddle was.

The Tradition of Frier Bacon and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known, and considering the times he liv'd in, is not much more strange then what another great Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a string, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against the sides of the Divining Cup, the same thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

Or like some *Indians* Skulls so tough,
That Authors say th'are Musket proof.

American Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) that there are others, whose Skulls are so soft, saith their own words, *Ut Digito perforari possunt*.

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Jupiters Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona. Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Quercum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonai Templum fuisse narratur.

Semiramis of Babylon.

Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mores coarctavit omnium Prima. Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her embraces (as another Queen did a Bull) But that perhaps may be the reason, why she after thought Men not worth the while.

For some Philosophers of late here.

S. K. D. in his Book of *Bodies*; who has this story of the German-Boy, which he endeavours to make good by several Natural Reasons; By which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

A Persian Emp'ror whip'd his Grandm.

Xerxes who us'd to whip the Seas and Winds. In Corum, atque Eurum solitus seivere Flagellis. Juven. Sat. 10.

So the ancient Stoicks in their Potch.

In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti sunt.

Diog. Laert. *in vita Zenonis*. p. 383. Those old *Virtuoso's* were better Proficients in those Exercises, than the Modern, who seldom improve higher than Cussing, and Kicking.

That *Bonum* is an Animal.

Bonum is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuosi*, from Don *Quixot*, will have Windmills under sail to be. The same Authors are of opinion. That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

— In a Town

There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

This History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd, upon all occasions, to declare.

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

— *Et sibi Consul,*

Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem. Juven. Sat. 10.

Hang out their Mantles *Della Guer*.

Tunica Cocinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra

Prætorium poni quasi admonitio & indicium future Pugne Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian in Portinace.* Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.

Vespasian being daub'd with Dirt.

C. Cæsar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in prætextæ sinum. Sueton in Vespas. Ca. 5.

Has not this present Parliament,
A Ledger to the Devil sent?

The Witchfinder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian times had a Commission to discover Witches, (of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compass of one year, and among the rest an old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many years,

Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At *Antwerp* their Cathedral Church?

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common people of *Antwerp*, in a tumult; broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines; and did so much mischief in a small time, that *Strada* writes, There were several Devils seen very busie among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Sing

Sing Catches to the Saints at *Mascon*.

This Devil of *Mascon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things, which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoires*, written in *French*.

Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*,
And speak i' th' Nun at *London's* Belly.

The History of Dr. *Dee* and the Devil, published by *Mer. Causabon, Isac, Fil.* Prebend of *Canterbury*, has a large accompt of all those Passages; in which the stile of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same person. The Nun of *London* in *France*, and all her tricks have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation, yet living, who have made very good observations upon the *French* Book written upon that occasion.

Meet with the Parliaments Committee
At *Woodstock* on a Pers'nal Treaty:

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the Kings House in *Woodstock-Park*, were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At *Sarum* took a Cavalier.

Winbers has a long story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the Kings Army, who being a Prisoner at *Salisbury*, and
(drink.

drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of Glass.

Since old *Hodg-Bacon*,

Roger Bacon, commonly called *Frier Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward the I.* and for some little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was, by the Rabble, accounted a Conjuror, and had the sottish story of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the ignorant Monks of those days. *Robert Grosbead* was Bishop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen. III.* He was a Learned Man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjuror, for which crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent the IV.* and summon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Christ; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Premunire*, for offering to sue in a Forraign Court.

Which *Socrates*, and *Chærephon*

In vain assay'd so long agoe.

Aristophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, measuring the Leap of a Flea, from the ones Beard to the others.

Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*.

This *Fisk* was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtle* and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnson*.

Unless it be that Cannon-ball.

This experiment was try'd by some Forreign *Virtuoso's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blanc against the

the *Zenith*, and having *fix'd* it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which *trade* them all conclude, that it sticks in the mark; but *Des Carres* was of opinion, That it does but hang in the Air.

As lately was reveal'd to *Sedgwyck*.

This *Sedgwyck* had many Persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed, for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomesday Sedgwyck*.

Your Modern *Indian* Magician.

Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by Monsieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *East-Indies*.

Bumbastus kept a Devils Bird. &c.

Paracelsus is said to have kept a small Devil pris'n'd in the Pommel of his Sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink; Howsoever it was to better purpose than *Annibal* carry'd poyson in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great extremity, for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honor of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Agrippa kept a *Stygian* Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog, that was suspected to be a Spirit

Spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog, from that aspersions, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick.

Averrhois Astronomiam propter Excentricos contempsit. Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phys. p. 781.

The Median Emp'r or dreamt his Daughter.

Astyages King of *Media* had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*, wherefore he married her to a *Persian* of mean quality, by whom she had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Asia*, and translated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Persians*. Herodot. L. 2.

When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell.

Filius aliquando Prodigiosus, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiso Cæsare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo. Plin.

Augustus having b' oversight, &c.

Divus Augustus Levum sibi prodidit calceum præposere indutum, quo die seditione Militum propè afflictus est.

Idem. Lib. 2.

The Roman Senate when within,

The City Walls an Owl was seen.

Romani L. Crasso & C. Maria Coss. Bubone viso orbem lustabant.

For

For Anaxagoras long ago,
Saw Hills, as well as you, i'th Moon.

Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem Candens Ferrum esse, & Peloponesso majorem: Lunam habitacula in se habere, & Colles, & Valles. Fertur dixisse Cælum omne ex Lapidibus esse Compositum; Damnatuſ & in exilium pulſus eſt, quod impie, Solem Candentem laminam eſſe dixiſſet. Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.

The Egyptians ſay, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting and his Riſe.

Egypti Decem millia Annorum, & amplius, recenſent; & obſervatum eſt in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata eſſe Loca Ortuum & Occaſuum ſolis; ita ut ſol bis ortus ſit ubi nunc occidit, & bis deſcenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct Lib. 1. p. 60.

Some hold the Heavens like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up.

Cauſa quare Cælum non cadit, (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſui motus. Comment in L. 2. Ariſtot. de Cælo.

Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.

Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores eſſe putavit. G. Cuning. in Coſmog. L. 1. p. 11.

The

The Learned Scaliger complain'd.

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius, Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apsida Terris esse propriam, quam Ptolomaei aetate duodecim partibus, i. e. uno & triginta terra semidiametris. Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

Cardan believ'd great States depend, &c.

Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda Helices seu Majoris arse omne magnum Imperium pendere. Id. p. 5.

Than th' old Chaldean Conjurers

In so many hundred thousand years.

Chaldaei jactant se quadringenta septuaginta Annorum millis in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Animis posuisse. Cicero.

Like Money by the Druids borrow'd, &c.

Druidae pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in Posteriore vita redituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 97.

That paultry story is untrue

And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Ideot (that is here describ'd by the Name and Character of *Whacum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the Pillory, for Forging other

other Mens Hands, as his Fellow *Whacbum*, no Doubt
deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggerel This story
of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brensford-*
Fair, is as properly describ'd.

That the vibration of this Pendulum,
Shall make all Taylors Yards, of one
Unanimous opinion.

The use of the Vibration of a Pendulum, was in-
tended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards,
&c. (that should have its foundation in Nature) all
the world over: For by swinging a weight at the end
of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the
Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would
last, in proportion to the length of the String, and
weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it
back again, and from any part of time, compute the ex-
act length of any string, that must necessarily vibrate
in so much space of time: So that if a man should
ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of Satin or *Taf-
feta*, they would know perfectly what it meant. And
all Mankind learn a new way to measure things no
more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour,
Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Prince of Darknes.

As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darknes, so is the
Constable the Secular, who governs in the night with
as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more im-
periously.

FINIS.